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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

WE print in another column a communication, signed "A Shocked Citizen," taking exception to our comments on the recent administration of the Home Office. The writer, who modestly withholds his name from a curious public, is obviously a perfervid admirer of "our Home Secretary." Any one is, of course, perfectly at liberty to bestow his admiration where he will; but we must protest against our correspondent laying the blame for his "shocked" condition on us. If Mr. Winston Churchill will proceed along the lines laid down by his most famous predecessors, no one will be disturbed by any remarks which we shall offer. If, however, the Home Secretary repeats some of the worst of his own precedents, we think it likely that not one but many of his sensitive admirers will find our comment to be little to their liking.

Concessions having been granted to the restless dockers and seamen at various ports—for the especial exigencies of delayed transport of passengers and cargoes demanded rapid

action—the strike which threatened to upset commerce to an unparalleled extent has practically ceased. Dissatisfaction, however, like an infectious disease, has spread to other sections of the workers, in the North of England notably, and the thousands of carters of Manchester, backed up by an enormous number of the roughest element in the population, have cast that city into a state of lamentable turmoil. The old story is repeated; the crowds have lost their heads and defied the law, and the police have had to draw their batons and use their belts, often in sheer self-defence. Wagons and drays laden with ordinary goods—in some cases with perishable produce urgently required—have to be guarded in their progress by police, mounted and on foot; even thus they often fail to reach their destination safely. Several vans were rushed by hundreds of strikers on Tuesday evening; stones were thrown and sticks freely used, and a number of police were seriously hurt. The experience of the recent outbreak in Wales seems likely to occur again, for Birmingham, Bolton, and other large towns have been called upon to supply extra forces to cope with the inflamed and angry men. Simply by the force of example these thousands of rioters have been created from the ranks of formerly contented labourers. Had the seamen not struck, or not gained some of their points, the carters and draymen would have remained peaceful citizens, and the normal prosperity of one of our busiest centres of industry would have rested undisturbed. The fever spreads—encouraged by the enactments of a Government thoroughly imbued with the Socialistic tendency.

The Indian weeklies which reach us—*The Wednesday Review* and *The Parsi*—are generally of great interest, and recent issues are no exception to the rule. In the former paper, dated June 7th, the writer who signs himself "Day-Dreamer" has a capital little causerie entitled "Over the Groundnuts and Water," which we are told is the equivalent of our phrase "Over the walnuts and wine." After our recent experiences with the Coronation festivities reports of public meetings convened with the object of presenting addresses to His Majesty cannot be expected to rouse much enthusiasm, but it is pleasant to note that Madras, "the oldest of British territories in India," is exerting herself to make the forthcoming Royal visit a brilliant success. *The Parsi* for June 11th has a good literary article by Professor Wadia on "Life After Death according to the Babylonians," and its topical notes are excellent; while a discussion of the cinematograph as an educational factor, by Dr. Dadachanji, F.R.S., is worthy of serious consideration.

The possibility of owning the sole existent fragment of Captain Cook's original diary should attract many prospective purchasers to Messrs. Sotheby's forthcoming sale of manuscripts. The particular leaf of the diary offered is dated Sunday, May 6th, 1770, and contains the first known allusion to Botany Bay, with an explanation of the origin of the name. "The great number of new plants, etc., our gentlemen botanists have collected in this place," writes the famous old explorer, "occasioned my giving it the name of Botanist Bay." Parts of a log-book of a later voyage in 1773 will also be for sale. He was not, however, "Captain" Cook at that time; not until he was forty-seven years of age, in 1775, did he attain that rank. Many interesting autographs are also to be put on the market, including letters from Thackeray, Rossetti, Carlyle, Browning, Shelley, Burns, Byron, and others.

A REBIRTH

With memories of that truant time I woke
 When the young earth no memories held but dreams,
 And all the dear remembered voices spoke
 In piteous concord with the living themes
 That threaded all the woodland peace with song.
 Then I lost feeling of the lingering wrong
 That time has wrought and hope may not remove :
 It seemed the world had grown no older, love !

So, as responsive to a charm, I stepped
 Within those cloistered precincts, and with eyes
 Enkindled, ears with memory adept,
 Embraced the faery haunt, to the puny flies
 Skimming the mellow beams of the low sun,
 And the shy stealthy footfalls, one by one,
 Of sylvan folk that stirred the leafy ways
 To whispers of long-buried summer days.

Thus fancy lured me through the verdant aisles,
 Breastng the fern that rustled as I passed,
 And listening now to catch in frequent whiles
 Your skirt's soft mimicry, until at last,
 Whole prey to dim remembrance, forth I stood
 Where sleeping waters lap the drowsy wood,
 And heard again the voice belovèd wake
 Echoes of trilling joy across the lake.

The fretted canopy now darkling hung,
 As once again I sought the scented wynd,
 And on the mossy floor deep shadows flung
 That called to the dark shadows of the mind.
 Then, issuing from the gloom, a cool breeze kissed
 My cheek : a gossamer sea of drifting mist
 Broke at my feet, and closed my dream above—
 And oh ! the world is so much older, love !

PHIL. J. FISHER.

THE CULT OF PAPER

THE lack of restraint, the default of discipline, the decline of the *patria potestas* which are characteristic of the present day, and the half-century which preceded it, have led to many modifications of national character. Far from being pessimists, we rejoice to observe patriotism kindled in national emergency, as in the South African crisis, and patriotic movements obtaining a firm hold on the younger generation, as in the movement of the Boy-Scouts and kindred voluntary organisations. Proof is afforded not only that national spirit survives, but that, unconsciously perhaps, it displays itself in what amounts to a protest against creeds held in modern schools of thought which

assert themselves far beyond their real significance or influence.

The schools we have referred to are those which believe, or pretend to believe, that the world can be conducted according to their views through the medium of paper. We do not mean that the gassy orator eschews the spoken word, but he relies for its influence chiefly on the knowledge that his words—very probably bereft of their crudity—will be transferred to paper.

Take the instance of the Socialist : so far as his voice can influence, he loves to hear the sound of it, and to inflict it on the classes whose time is not valuable, and who for that very reason are more likely to be inflamed by his delusive sophistries and led into dangerous opinions and courses. The mob-orator, however, knows that his voice can reach but few ; he therefore endeavours to disseminate various periodicals, which embellish the spoken word with a wealth of extravagance which it is hoped will lead to the acme of publicity—a criminal prosecution. The spoken word, in these days at least, seldom attains to that goal ; but the rag in which blasphemy, revolution, and obscene imagery are indulged in may by notice if it fall into injudicious hands provide gratis an advertisement which no money can buy.

Printed matter such as we have referred to came into our hands in connection with the Coronation, with the suggestion that we should brand it as it undoubtedly deserved. It was not as a result of any fear that our vocabulary would prove unequal to the task that we resolutely declined to give the advertisement of clean paper to filth which was conceived in the gutter, and after an ephemeral existence naturally passes into the sewer.

We have endeavoured briefly to show how the cult of paper may be beneficial in the realm of literature by lending support and authority to that which makes for the welfare of the commonwealth for moral and material good. We have also shown how its cult may be honoured by refusing its use in the dissemination of poisonous and malevolent matter.

From another point of view the cult of paper appears to us to be less satisfactory. In international affairs, in spite of abundant evidence to the contrary, the belief in the efficacy of paper—treaties, agreements, *ententes*—is in reality a hoary superstition. An acute crisis may, indeed, be bridged over for a time by the provisions of an international act, if—and only if—the interests of the subscribing parties at the moment, and the state of their resources at the moment, render the erection of a paper barrier temporarily useful. Such a barrier, however, whether its aim be to terminate or to postpone a conflict, has long since ceased to be lastingly binding. The efficacy of paper in international affairs changes with the internal and external capacity for offence and defence of the parties to an act, and whether the balance of power be on the side of capacity for aggression or the necessity for abstaining from it. The Treaty of Paris, the Treaty of London, the Treaty of Berlin, the Act of Algeciras, to name a few well-known examples, have served their immediate purpose. Any one at all acquainted with the methods of diplomacy is aware that no sooner is an international document signed than intrigues commence to undermine or supplant it. All such documents are in the nature of a temporary compromise, and have not, therefore, the element of permanence in them.

It is for that reason that we are not greatly disturbed by the acceptance on its own merits of the Declaration of London. We observe, however, that its inception and ratification are indicative of flabby diplomatic fibre and a subserviency to the party whip where national interests are concerned, which is deplorable.

Perhaps the Declaration may, after all, prove to be a blessing in disguise, since the object of the acts which it authorises are so obviously a menace to our existence that unless we have lost all national grit and resolution we shall at once set about making our home secure from threatened starvation.

Without some such manifestation it is possible we should have relied too implicitly on our cult of paper, and deemed ourselves secure, trusting in the efficacy of the written word.

CECIL COWPER.

THE ONLY WAY

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE object of a good general is to defeat his enemy finally and decisively, not to fight continuous undecisive actions, which sap his strength and exhaust the patience of the rank and file, over an untenable position. This fact should be borne in mind by the leaders of the Unionist Party at the present crisis. Let them remember there is nothing inglorious or cowardly in a movement which is merely a *reculer pour mieux sauter*. During the last few days—ever since, in fact, the Coronation has enabled us to revert to serious things—the air has been full of rumours of an approaching General Election to be held some time in August. The side that makes itself responsible for this colossal blunder will go down to ignominy and defeat at the poll, and will deserve it. The Unionist party has absolutely nothing to gain by an Election in August, or for some time to come. There are three main reasons for this: (1) We have no constructive policy to lay before the people except Tariff Reform. That measure has been threshed out at three General Elections, and its bones have been sucked so dry that the meanest electioneering dog will hardly smell at the carcase again. We have so firmly established the principle of Tariff Reform that there is no further necessity to consult the country on that particular issue, because the people know that directly a Unionist Government is returned to power it will form the main plank in our constructive policy. (2) The Government has not yet been in office long enough to ensure a sufficient residue of unpopularity to warrant an appeal to the people. (3) A Committee has just been formed to reorganise the Unionist Party, and it is essential that it should be given time to act.

Therefore, if we fight an Election in August, it can only be on the old issue of the Peers *versus* the People, on which we have already been twice defeated, and on which we could not hope to regain a seat at the present time. The rank and file should make it perfectly clear to their leaders, and their leaders to the House of Lords, that they refuse to make a third attack on this stronghold of the enemy. It would

be the height of folly, for the country could never be induced to believe that it was not the Lords who had forced the Election, and, as we have already said, the side that forces an Election in August is going to make itself extremely unpopular.

Therefore, having established the principle that an Election in August would be highly disastrous to the Unionist cause, what course remains open to the Lords to adopt towards the Parliament Bill? We will assume, as is highly probable, that the House of Commons will reject the Lords' amendments *en bloc*. Up to this point the Lords have a perfect right to preserve to themselves full liberty of action, and to leave it to the Government to disclose their hand first. The Government can either appeal to the people or Mr. Asquith can go to the King and ask for guarantees to create the necessary number of Peers. An appeal to the people is unlikely. Neither side wants an Election; party funds are scarce, and also, supposing the Government came back with a slightly increased or reduced majority, they would find themselves in exactly the same position as now, and a solution would have to be sought, as there is nothing to prevent the Lords rejecting the Parliament Bill a second time, and so on *ad infinitum*. Therefore we will assume that Mr. Asquith will ask for, and will obtain, the necessary guarantees from the Crown. Then is the moment for the Lords seriously to consider their position. They can either follow the precedent of 1839 and abstain from voting, or if they wish to show the country they have only yielded to *force majeure* they can give way after the first batch of Peers has been created. To hold out until sufficient have been created to swamp the Conservative majority in the Upper House would be the height of folly. What has the country or the Conservative party to gain by having the House of Lords filled with the dregs of the Radical party hacks? The Parliament Bill would in any case become law, and then it will be infinitely more difficult to upset it in the future.

No; directly the first of the Hireling Batch receive their Togas in return for party cash, it is the bounden duty of the Lords to allow the Bill to pass under a solemn protest, and they will incur a criminal responsibility if they allow these vast hostile additions to their ranks. They can take up a strong and dignified position and say, "There is no clear majority in the country in favour of this measure; it has passed the House of Commons by a combination of parties, not united on the Bill itself, but in order to pass ulterior measures in return for giving it their support. On the other hand we cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of forcing a third General Election on the country within a period of eighteen months; neither can we place the Crown in the invidious position of having to create this vast number of new Peers in order to force this Bill through the Upper House, a course of action for which there is no Constitutional precedent, and which is merely throwing the responsibility of the electorate on the King. On the other hand, we admit no finality in the present limitation of our powers. Both parties are pledged to the Reform of the Upper House, and that question is indissolubly bound up with Electoral Reform. Until these two great questions are settled it is impossible to strike a proper balance of authority between the House of Commons and the Second Chamber, and any temporary arrangement like the present must necessarily be the subject of future consideration and revision. The

Government has not yet any general scheme of reform to offer, and therefore until that hour arrives we will abstain from voting on the Parliament Bill." This is the only course for the Peers to take—the only one, in fact, which will preserve their dignity and utility for future action.

Now let us consider the future. Supposing the Peers decide on this sane and simple course, their motives will not be misunderstood by the Liberal party or by the country. The Government can never say "We have won a final and permanent victory" when it is obvious to the meanest understanding that it is merely a *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Once they have obtained what they want, and have no common enemy to oppose, how long does any one believe the discordant elements which make up the Radical majority in the House will hold together? Hardly a day. Does the Labour party love the Government? Do the Irish cherish any tender feelings toward a Cabinet which has been in power for five years and has never yet produced a scheme of Home Rule? Do the old members of the Gladstonian party like to ride in double harness with Socialists and crude financiers of the type of Lloyd George? We have here the elements of a pretty quarrel. It is only the idea of a common enemy which holds them together, and once that enemy gracefully retires and leaves them to fight amongst themselves he can destroy them in detail as they advance the respective interests which each has so dearly at heart. Within a year the Unionist party will be the complete masters of the situation.

Whatever measures the Government brings forward they cannot become law under the Parliament Bill under two years unless we have continuous sessions, and by the end of two years there will be nothing left of this predatory horde, who in lieu of having anything better to loot will fall upon one another with even greater vigour than they have devoted to attacking the Unionist party and Unionist property. In the words of the old song, "There's a sun still shining in the sky," and even in England that sun is bound to come from under its cloud sooner or later. Give them the rope with which to hang themselves and one another. They have the State Insurance Bill to pass, which is already exciting the most bitter controversy; they are pledged to Home Rule—how popular that will make them! they are responsible for the Declaration of London—that will lose them many followers amongst thinking and responsible men. There are a thousand fantastic schemes brewing in the jaundiced brains of Messrs. Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and Keir Hardie. Let us go to the country on some of these measures, not on the old battle-cry of the Peers *versus* the People, which has served the Radical party so well in the past. Then victory will be assured, and when victory is assured the Parliament Bill is of about as much value as the historic Act of Algeciras. The Unionist party can then adjust popular representation on a fair basis. Limerick shall have a few more and Romford a few less electors. They shall be equally divided, not in the proportion of 50 to 1 as they are at present. We will make the Upper House a business-like and representative Chamber, which can hold its own in future on its own merits. We will get rid of the Backwoodsmen, and fill it only with men who have won their spurs not by borrowing the rusty harness of their ancestors, but in active competition with their fellow-countrymen in the vast field of public service, experience, and natural ability.

PEACE OR WAR?

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

It is a dangerous game to play with fire, and, as we pointed out in our issue of June 17th, the French action in sending an army to Fez was likely to lead to European complications of a serious nature. The example of France was quickly followed by Spain, who, to prove that she still had an interest in the Moroccan settlement, landed troops at Larache and seized Alcizar. We also pointed out in our issue of June 17th that it only remained for Germany to follow suit. Now with startling suddenness—without a word of previous warning to the other signatories of the mutilated Act of Algeciras—Germany has dispatched a warship to Agadir under the pretext of protecting German subjects and German trade. As a matter of fact there are no German subjects at Agadir, except, perhaps, a few Nationals who need no protection, and German trade in that district is absolutely *nil*. Therefore the hollowness of this assumption is so obvious that we can afford to ignore it altogether and to consider what effect her action is likely to have in Morocco and in Europe.

It is a satisfactory sign that Germany's action has been received calmly both in France and in Europe generally, which shows a desire on the part of all parties to leave the matter to diplomacy to settle; but it is no use hiding the true facts, and the situation is so serious that a European war may be the result. But, of course, this entirely depends on whether Germany is merely bluffing, or whether she seriously intends to assert her claim to a share in the partition of the Shereefian Empire. If Germany merely intends to remind France and Europe that she must receive compensation elsewhere, why then diplomacy will have little difficulty in giving her a recompense; but if she means to have a port in Morocco, why then only the firmest stand on the part of the Governments of England and France can preserve the peace of Europe. It is distressing to see how little interest has been taken in the affair in this country, because this seizure of Agadir is directed just as much against England as it is against France. Agadir can be made into an excellent harbour, and it stands right on the great highway between this country and South Africa. It will immeasurably add to our burdens in wartime if we have to dispatch a fleet to prevent the depredations of German cruisers on our South African trade. Then there is another aspect. It neutralises, to a great extent, the advantage we have in holding Gibraltar. We must at all costs, even if we have to go to war immediately, prevent Germany establishing herself on the coast of Morocco. Once she is in possession of Agadir there is nothing to prevent her seizing other ports, and this she will certainly do once she realises that we do not mean to fight over Agadir. If a German force seized Tangier and constructed forts there we should no longer hold the key to the Mediterranean, as we do at present. We should share it with another keeper, and our great highway to India and to the Far East would be threatened. Apart from the strategical position, however, and looking at it from the purely commercial standpoint, we cannot allow Germany to control the outlet to the rich Sus country. Our trade would gradually driven out of Morocco altogether, although at the present time it is four times as great as Germany's.

We have up to the present merely looked at the question from an English standpoint, which is serious enough; but the position of France in Northern Africa is rendered even more precarious. As French writers have pointed out over and over again, France cannot afford to have a German frontier in Africa as well as in Europe. Her possessions

in Algeria would be jeopardised and her forces in Europe would have to be correspondingly reduced if a German Army Corps were established in Morocco, which it would certainly be once the principle of Pacific Penetration were established. Any future steps France may take to preserve law and order in Morocco would be neutralised by the presence of German troops. Europe would live in a state of constant unrest, because a new Sultan would certainly spring up under German rule; Morocco would thus have two rulers constantly quarrelling; and once the native allies of the two Powers were engaged in hostilities it would not be long before their European seconds followed suit. An intolerable situation would thus be created, and we had much better fight at once than drag on in a miserable state of suspended animation, only postponing the inevitable day.

There is a very prevalent opinion that Spain was urged to seize Larache at German instigation. It was a *ballon d'essai* just to see how France would act. Owing to the weakness and fall of the Monis Ministry, nothing definite was done, and France was content to accept Spain's explanations, and thus encouraged, Germany determined to go and do likewise. Germany's action proves that she has little fear of France by herself, and that the policy of pin-pricks is going to be continued once again after a lapse of three or four years. Therefore it is obvious that only one thing can thwart German ambitions, and that is joint action on the part of England and France.

But what will be the attitude of Sir Edward Grey? Is he going to stand by France or is he merely going to acquiesce in a half-hearted policy of *laissez-faire*? It is too early to say. We cannot afford to allow another Balkan incident, similar to that in which Russia, Servia, and England surrendered their position in the Balkans at the dictation of the German Government. Unless we stand by France in the present crisis the Anglo-French Alliance is so much waste-paper, because France will refuse, and will rightly refuse, to support us in future on the Continent if on the present occasion we prove ourselves to be merely a broken reed. It is announced that it is the intention of England and France to send cruisers to Agadir to assist Germany in preserving order in that district, although there is not the smallest sign of a disturbance of any sort. There is a delightful irony about this, and it is a sound step to which no one can take exception, but it is only the first move in the game. The French and English Governments should make it perfectly clear to Germany that they will not allow a single German soldier or sailor to land in Morocco, and that such a step can only be regarded as an overt act of hostilities, which would immediately lead to a declaration of war on the part of the allies. No one would deplore hostilities more than ourselves, but, on the other hand, we must face the facts as they are. If Germany is merely bluffing, her bluff will be disclosed at once, but if she really means to force a quarrel on us, why then it had much better come at once whilst we still enjoy a measure of that Naval Supremacy which is gradually slipping from our grasp.

The action of Germany will go a long way towards shattering our faith in the value and honesty of diplomacy. The plot was maturing even whilst the German Government was entering into pourparlers with France towards a *rapprochement* between those Powers, and just at a time when it seemed as if the war-clouds were dispersing from Europe's horizon. But we can learn a useful lesson from the coup. It should prove to us how little any pretensions of friendship or goodwill can be relied upon, and that, even whilst the Kaiser's heir is receiving the cheers of the citizens of London, Germany's old game of undermining our supremacy on the seas continues just as uninterrupted and barefacedly as ever.

THE "ENGLISH REVIEW" AND THE "SPECTATOR"

A FRENCH VIEW

[Translated from the "Mercure de France," July 1, 1911.]

"We have already pointed out in these columns the interesting nature of the *English Review*, under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Austin Harrison. We find the greatest names of English literature among its contributors—in fact, all those who are proud to show some independence of intellect, to express ideas meant for adult ears and not for young people. It should be noted that nothing has ever been published in its pages which could pass for indecorous or indecent; subjects are merely treated with the liberty which well-brought-up people allow themselves in their conversation after the children have been sent to bed. But this independence, which seems the most natural thing in the world to us in France, and particularly to the readers of the *Mercure*, seems to arouse alarm among certain sections of the English public as being a dangerous freedom. The last straw was an article, entitled 'Thoughts on Morality,' by Mr. Frank Harris, one of the most vigorous and emancipated of English thinkers. Mr. Harris cites the Italian proverb: *Peccato di carne non è peccato*, and invokes a number of arguments in its defence, among others some which are most moderate and familiar to persons of intelligence. But this was really too much! It must be stopped; war must be declared on the 'Great Adult Review,' and it was the *Spectator* which flourished the red ribbon.

"This Conservative weekly newspaper is edited by a sombre and an austere man, who is naturally suited to play the rôle of 'Père la Pudeur' on the other side of the Channel: they have also that sort of bird in England. . . . The anonymous author of this diatribe poses as the champion of insulted morality. It is unnecessary to describe the methods of defence adopted by Mr. Austin Harrison—he has plenty; at any rate, the quality of his merchandise is above suspicion, and he has no need to pose hypocritically as something that he is not. The chaste and pure *Spectator* announced its intention of never again referring to the *English Review*, and of refusing its advertisements. To which Mr. Harrison replied: 'Your threat to boycott our advertisements is a little like the fable of the sour grapes, since we have not offered you any for over three months,' and he informs the *Spectator* at the same time that he will reply to its attack in the July number of the *English Review*. But this artificial imputation has already caused a great sensation, and from the point of view of publicity Mr. Harrison could not desire anything better.

"Numerous protests have been addressed to the *Spectator*, among which are Mr. Arnold Bennett's biting and witty letter and Mr. R. A. Scott-James' sarcastic and lashing letters. Other papers have come to the rescue, and we read with pleasure in THE ACADEMY of June 17th a courageous and worthy commentary by Mr. Cecil Cowper on the intolerant attitude of the *Spectator* to its *confrères*. Mr. Cecil Cowper defends the right of the *English Review* not to be a publication *virginibus puerisque*, and to address itself freely to any public which it chooses to select. It would be interesting to follow the fight between these two current ideas, for it is nothing less than the war between the spirit of emancipation and the spirit of slavery. We need hardly say on which side our sympathies are to be found, and we hope that all writers and artists who desire to resist the puritanical tyranny of the *Spectator* will gather themselves round Mr. Harrison and the *English Review*. From this conflict may be born a controversy that shall take its place in history and bear invaluable consequences.

"HENRY D. DAVRAY."

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

THE warning note recently uttered by Sir Gerald Ryan, the President of the Institute of Actuaries, as to the actuarial basis of the Insurance Scheme of the Government, appears to have excited the interest of many who otherwise would have been well content to take the finances of the scheme as assured, upon the high authority of the two ex-Presidents of the Institute of Actuaries to whom the calculations were entrusted. The fact now begins to be generally appreciated by the public—as it has been from the outset by the actuarial profession and by many of the leaders of the Friendly Societies (the bodies chiefly concerned)—that there are two distinct questions, one (and the easier) being the soundness of the calculations, and the other the conditions under which the results of the calculations are to be applied. Certain assumptions must necessarily underlie all actuarial estimates, and the principal of these, in the present case, is that the Government Actuaries had to provide for one common fund applicable to the whole body of insured persons and supported by one common rate of contribution. Under the Bill, however, the insured are to be segregated in societies and "branches," each of which is to be financially independent, and the number of which may fall little short of thirty thousand.

It is easy to see that general average conditions will fail to be realised when applied to small bodies, numbering in some cases fewer than one hundred lives, and that with such a minute subdivision of risks the widest fluctuations are possible. In a degree the Bill anticipates and provides for this feature, since the benefits or contributions are to be adjusted every three years in the case of each society or branch, according to its working. It is to be feared, however, that the framers of the Bill have not quite appreciated the difference between deviations from the standard due merely to varying qualities of administration and those which may be traced to inequalities in the risks under insurance. If uniformity in administrative efficiency could be secured there would still emerge a great variety in the claim experiences as between different societies and branches, although in the aggregate the conditions assumed by the Government actuaries might be reproduced. The triennial adjustments might go far to remedy the inequalities set up by the application of a common rate of contribution to all risks at the outset, and so might fairly reconcile the scheme to those who see pronounced injustice in the "flat rate" system. That, however, is not the avowed purpose of the adjustments, the provisions for which have been based, in the public utterances of Ministers, upon the paramount necessity of stimulating a vigilant administration. That an "approved society" may be well and carefully administered and still have to make default by reason of the pressure of its legitimate risks does not appear to have been fully appreciated. Such a case illustrates well the fundamental difference between the actuarial premises and the conditions actually set up by the Bill.

The heaviest item in the liabilities covered by the scheme is that of sickness; in the Bill this liability is separated (unhappily, as will be suggested later) into two elements—temporary incapacity called sickness, and permanent incapacity called disablement—but as "disablement" cannot begin until "sickness" has endured six months, it will be seen that the two are one in essentials. In estimating this liability the Government actuaries have employed the tables deduced by the present writer from the "experience" of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows in the period 1893-97. Certain adjustments have been made to give effect to the variations between the Manchester Unity and the general population as regards the distribution of occupation risks, and these are sufficiently

explained by the statement that in the Manchester Unity the "normal" risks represented 785 lives out of each 1,000 coming under observation, against 466 in the case of the general population, the balance of the 1,000 in each case representing persons subject to extra risk. On the whole, this is a basis with which experts will be disposed to agree, although in passing it may be noted that the Manchester Unity includes a fairly strong contingent of the well-to-do, whose association with the society is sentimental and who are seldom on the sick-list. This class will be conspicuous only by its absence from the national scheme, and it may be said that the 785 "normals" of the Manchester Unity will be a better class, from the point of view of insurance, than the 466 "normals" of the Government scheme. Against this may be put (for a time) the fact that at its inception the Government insurance will include only those who are then actually employed or engaged in some regular occupation, and will, consequently, tend to show a better rate of sickness for a few years than if the whole body of lives, including those already sick or disabled, were brought in—which course would exhibit a more correct parallel with the Manchester Unity conditions. The extent to which the two opposing factors will neutralise each other is speculative in the highest degree, as is also the question of the validity of the application to nearly fourteen million persons of rates of sickness drawn from an experience of about 5 per cent. of that number, and that the higher stratum of the working class. Taking the Manchester Unity experience, however, as affording the best available data, the fact remains that general average rates based on widely differing risks are to be applied to a vast number of separate bodies in many of which the risks are biased by particular circumstances, and that wide divergences between the basic assumptions and the actual workings must reveal themselves.

In this connection an uneasy feeling has been present in the minds of some from the introduction of the Bill, and lately has impressed itself more widely, that in regard to the qualification for benefit the Bill may mean one thing and the actuarial estimates quite another. It is laid down by the Bill that sick pay and disablement benefit are payable to persons "whilst rendered unfit to provide their own maintenance by some specific disease or by bodily or mental disablement." The Government actuaries suggest that this may be regarded financially as corresponding with the conditions under which benefit for these periods of sickness is usually granted by Friendly Societies "although not in all respects identical therewith." What is implied by these last words is not quite clear, but the question arises, Are the conditions the same in both cases? The Manchester Unity sickness experience emerged under the all-important condition that a member during receipt of sick-pay should be totally unable to follow any remunerative employment, and should, in fact, be absolutely forbidden to work either for an employer or in any domestic capacity—e.g., in his garden. Do the stipulations of the Insurance Bill imply the same thing, or do they permit of partial earnings? The question is rendered the more significant by the curious separation of "sickness" and "disablement" under the Bill. This separation is quite unknown to Friendly Societies, which may find difficulty in recognising in "disablement benefit" the exact counterpart of their continuous sick-pay. With the latter they are familiar enough, but they do not treat it as otherwise than sick benefit either in regard to supervision or the supplying of frequent medical certificates.

The inference set up by the terms of the Insurance Bill is that disablement benefit is a species of "invalidity annuity" which, once granted, is more or less free of either medical or management supervision. If conjoined with this it is to

be understood that partial earnings are to be permitted a claim rate far transcending that assumed by the Government actuaries may be looked for. We are not without experience of "partial incapacity" in this country. One very large centralised Friendly Society permits its members aged over sixty and in receipt of permanent sick pay to earn up to 12s. a week. The immediate result is to reduce supervision almost to a nullity because the actual earnings of a man who is allowed to earn anything at all cannot be checked. In the result, whilst the claims on this Society are very fairly comparable with the Manchester Unity experience at ages under sixty, the permanent sick pay beyond that age rises to about 70 per cent. in excess of the Manchester Unity average. A result no less unfavourable than this is likely to be set up if the Insurance Act is to permit of "partial earnings." The Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to think that every man will act as a spy upon his neighbour in this respect, but facts hardly support this expectation.

Similar differences between the actuarial conditions and the proposals of the Bill arise on the maternity benefit. The birth-rate varies enormously between different parts of the country, being as high as 33 per thousand of the population in Durham and as low as 19 per thousand in Sussex. The use of a general average rate implies an even distribution throughout the whole of the insuring bodies, but nothing is more certain than that an even distribution will not be attained in practice. Thus the community is faced with the prospect of a large number of societies going under financial penalty because their members have a high birth-rate, whilst "race suicide" in other quarters (generally amongst the more highly-paid artisans) will be rewarded by increase of benefits from the resulting monetary surplus. The same effect will be produced, though from a different cause, by the way in which the contribution for this benefit has been actuarially adjusted. The Bill provides that where husband and wife are both insured the maternity benefit shall be treated as a benefit payable to the wife, and the Government actuaries have evidently transferred to the women's side of the scheme the cost of this particular section of the maternity claims. Now, setting aside the women engaged in domestic service, the sick nurses, the clerks, and other classes which consist for the most part of unmarried women, it will be found that over 35 per cent. of all the insurable women are engaged in the textile trades—which means that the vast majority of the 35 per cent. are employed in the mills and factories of the Lancashire textile area. But the financial relief to the men due to the transference of the liability for the maternity benefit to these women is spread over the whole male population, whence it follows (1) that the men of the country generally are credited with a financial relief which they will not experience, and (2) that the men resident in the textile area will obtain a financial relief much exceeding that with which they have been credited. It will thus be found that in, say, Durham, where the sickness rate is believed to be very high, the birth-rate high, and comparatively few women employed (and the men's rate of contribution for the maternity benefit consequently too low even for a normal birth-rate), the "approved societies" will be heavily hit on all counts, and cannot fail to be in a chronic condition of deficiency. On the other hand, in the approved societies among the male Lancashire mill-workers, whose sickness claim-rate is below the average, and who will be contributing at an unnecessarily high rate for the maternity benefits (because so large a portion of the liability will fall upon the women's societies), every item in the finances will be one of profit, quite irrespective of any merits of administration.

There are many vital questions affecting the women's side of the scheme, but this point of the maternity benefit is not

the least important. Every insured woman must contribute for this benefit with the other insurances, and the contribution for it appears to have been based upon (1) the number of births among employed married women and (2) the number of illegitimate births to be provided for.

Dealing first with (1), it should be clear that if women's societies all over the country are raising contributions for a general average benefit which, in fact, tends to be concentrated in a particular area, then, in default of provisions by which the money so raised is passed over to that area, the contributions in all other parts of the country will embody a superfluity, whilst in the concentration area they will be wholly inadequate. Here surely is an important departure from the actuarial conditions. On (2) it is only necessary to draw attention firstly to the variations in the rates of illegitimacy between different parts of the country, and secondly to the impolicy of exacting from every decent girl in employment a premium for a benefit operating to smooth the way of immorality. It is true, as Mrs. Bosanquet said in her article published in THE ACADEMY of June 24th, that at present any woman, however abandoned in character, can get medical aid and nursing in any Poor-law Infirmary, but surely there is a real difference between parochial relief and the "endowment of motherhood," as the maternity benefit has been picturesquely termed. The one at any rate is a charge upon the ratepayer with some consequent stigma, the other is regarded as a laudable insurance benefit.

Turning to another subject, it appears that in estimating the population coming into insurance on May 1st, 1912, the actuaries gave full effect to the decline in the death-rate, which is known to have been in progress since 1901, the latest year as to which actual population statistics are available. But, somewhat singularly, they do not appear to have considered it requisite to give effect to the probability that the *future* death-rates will be lower than the general average of the decade 1891-1901. It is not quite clear why this course was taken. There is strong ground for the belief (remembering the general fall in the death-rate since 1891-1901) that with all the present "invalids," whether now in the Friendly Societies or outside of them, excluded from the Government scheme, and with all the otherwise unfit driven into the Post Office class, the "approved societies" will experience mortality much below the general rate of the period named. The Government actuaries point out that "against the reduction in the general rates of mortality that has taken place since 1901 may be set the fact that in calculating contributions no account has been taken of the element of secessions." What is the bearing of this remark? We must remember that the sickness rate increases with age, and that a level contribution is more than sufficient to meet the liability in the early years of life and insufficient in the later years, and that the saving in the early years must be stored up to provide the "reserves" necessary to honour the liabilities for those who survive in the later years when the contribution is no longer sufficient. If, then, an abnormal number of persons live to the later years in any insurance scheme, the stored-up reserves will be prematurely exhausted and the scheme will collapse. Foreseeing such a possible survival in the present case, the Government actuaries take solace in the suggestion that if an abnormally small number die a certain number will lapse and (inferentially) leave their reserves behind to redress the balance. But where is such a provision in the Bill? On the contrary, it is provided that when the stipulated period of lapse arrives any sums credited to the society in respect of the contributors affected shall "be transferred to such account and dealt with in such manner as may be prescribed"—in other words, apparently, shall be alienated from the funds of the approved societies concerned and so rendered unavailable for the purpose contemplated.

by the Government actuaries. One of the buttresses of the actuarial estimates is thus summarily removed.

It is right to recognise that the estimates of the Government actuaries include a margin of 11·3 per cent. of the contributions in the case of men and 12·6 per cent. in the case of women, and that if no other contingency than sickness and disablement had to be considered this margin would represent nearly 25 per cent. In the case of a really general scheme in which local eccentricities of experience were neutralised by aggregation this margin would probably be sufficient. But such a margin is as nothing compared with the fluctuations against which some of the "approved societies" are destined to battle. There are two other margin items—the exclusion of benefit to persons who receive board and lodging during sickness, and the rejection of liability after the "qualifying period" of six months for sickness, or two years for disablement, of claims which originated during the currency of this period. In regard to these items the Friendly Societies are already in a state of agitation, and, having regard to the fact that the payment of contributions is compulsory, their attitude is not unreasonable. It is surely unthinkable that Parliament will decide either to pry into private arrangements between employer and employed or to enact that no disablement which arises during the first two years shall be regarded after the lapse of that period as a subject of claim, no matter how long the insured (?) person may live. Neither the Government actuaries nor any members of their craft possess the means to gage and allow for the effect of such provisions as these, and in common justice to those from whom premiums have been exacted they ought to be eliminated. In regard to women it may be taken that the initial assets and liabilities under the scheme are of equal value on two essential conditions—the first, that no board and lodging exemptions will relieve the claims; and the second, that all the women who go out of insurance on marriage and survive to become widowed before the age of seventy will return as contributors and potential claimants. It is patent, however, that many of those who thus fall out on marriage and survive their husbands will never return as "employed" widows within the meaning of the Bill (which excludes casual workers). There is ground consequently for revision of the estimates and for consideration of the hard case of the married women who are as truly employed in the cares of home and family as those who go out to work, and with infinitely more value to the State.

Considerations of space forbid prolonged inquiry into the case of employed children; but the provision by which £800,000 a year is extracted, partly from the pockets of boys and girls under sixteen years of age and partly from their employers, cries aloud for review. Are there not other and more direct means of checking child-labour than of taxing the slender earnings of these young people? If the tax must be laid upon them, can its proceeds be applied to no better purpose than that of making good the deficiencies of their seniors? It is true that a sort of promise of special consideration eventually is made to these young people by the Bill; but if the task of separate treatment is too great to be undertaken at the outset, it is not likely to be any easier later on.

Altogether the financial side of the Bill gives much occasion for anxiety, and, with every desire to recognise the earnest work that has been put into it, the conviction persists that much remains to be done before Parliament will be justified in giving to it statutory effect.

ALFRED W. WATSON, F.I.A.,
Actuary to the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows,
Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, &c.

REVIEWS

THE ART OF WALKING

The Foot-path Way. An Anthology for Walkers. With an Introduction by HILAIRE BELLOC. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

We remember, one summer day in Cornwall—in a part of that wonderful county, we may say, where there are no hotels, no boarding-houses, no posters, and no motors—being tempted to stray from the honeysuckle and wild strawberries of a deep, dim lane by a glimpse of a narrow, overgrown ravine, where apparently no foot ever trod, and certainly no wheeled object (not even a farmer's cart) ever passed. Pushing aside the brambles, breasting the dense greenery which seemed to resent our intrusion into the virgin way, we discovered a sight which none but he who walks could ever see. Massed against the sky-line, springing like a vivid flame of colour from the darkness of twined stems and twisted tendrils below, towered a crowd of fox-gloves thick with bloom. We looked up at them—for each tapering, swaying spire was taller than a man—and drew breath more quickly for the sudden glory of it, bewildered with the shock of unexpected beauty. And not even the thrill of the blue sea-line which we found at the other end of that adventurous journey, or the plashing of the green, translucent water in the arches and caves and crevices of the rocky bay close by, could make us forget the great good that in the silence of that untrodden way had crept into our hearts.

Such things come to those who scorn the wheel and leave the highroad to see the world, as chance may lead them, from the finest view-point of all—the height of a man's eyes. Let the wheel, the engine, the railway take you to the country if you will; use them as a magic carpet or as the seven-league boots; but, then, having been borne to the Land of Desire, discard them. Treat them as though they never had been; get off the road, try the secret, alluring byways; get lost and never mind. Then shall you know the joy of walking.

For you, in that case, has this little book been prepared. To read it is to be placed in kinship with those great minds to whom knapsack and stick and the fine winds of heaven mean more than dining-saloon and hotel. R. L. Stevenson is here, of course, with his discourse upon "Walking Tours," and his questionable dictum that "to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone." Walt Whitman is here, "afoot and light-hearted," asking nothing but to be "strong and content" that he may travel the open road—and we may be sure, despite the large embrace of his verse, that he would explore plenty of the narrow by-paths. Leslie Stephen's delightful essay "In Praise of Walking" is here, full of his love for the mountain-lands; and, as might be expected, we read again Hazlitt's irresistible chat "On Going a Journey." Other papers have been collected from the works of George Borrow, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Izaak Walton, to mention a few; and by no means least in charm is Mr. Belloc's introductory dissertation. His analysis of the mere physical action of walking—its extraordinary complexity so unconsciously carried through—is clever, amusing, and true. A man desires to proceed to a distant point. "Instead of going on all fours, where equilibrium would indeed be stable, what does he do?"—

He deliberately lifts one of his supports off the ground, and sends his equilibrium to the devil; at the same time he leans a little forward so as to make himself fall towards the object he desires to attain. You do not know that he does this, but that is because you are a man, and your ignorance of it is like the ignorance in which so many really healthy

people stand to religion, or the ignorance of a child who thinks his family established for ever in comfort, wealth, and security. What you really do, man, when you want to get to that distant place (and let this be a parable of all adventure and of all desire) is to take an enormous risk, the risk of coming down bang and breaking something; you lift one foot off the ground, and, as though that were not enough, you deliberately throw your centre of gravity forward so that you begin to fall. That is the first act of the comedy.

"When you are walking," says Mr. Belloc, "the machine is always going, and every sense in you is doing what it should with the right emphasis and in due discipline to make a perfect record of all that is about." And he proceeds to enlarge, in the happy manner of many memorable pages of the "Path to Rome," upon the delights of approaching a little town by road. This is in itself a sufficient recommendation; in fact, this discussion "On Walking" is worthy to be read with the classic essayists on the same theme.

We are inclined to grumble that certain favourite pages are omitted—one or two beloved passages from George Meredith's pen, for example, we would fain have seen included. Chapter vii. of "Harry Richmond" is a paean of the open air. "I lifted my face to the sky," says Harry, waking from his sleep in the tent; "it was just sunrise, beautiful; bits of long and curling cloud brushed any way close on the blue, and rosy and white, deliciously cool; the grass was all grey, our dell in shadow, and the tops of the trees burning, a few birds twittering." All through that chapter we have the true spirit of the walker, the vision of the passed villages, the sound of bells, the little experiences of the road, exhilarating and pleasure-giving. But such protestant mutterings must ever be the lot of even the most judicious compiler of anthologies. He can, perhaps, please everybody, but he can by no means satisfy everybody without running into a hundred volumes. Many readers will recognise a lengthy selection on "Walking, and the Wild," by Thoreau, with delight. If we are to judge from his writings, Thoreau ought to have been a veritable Apostle of Walking—or rather, perhaps, of sauntering; the "successful saunterer," having no particular home, is equally at home everywhere. *Ambulator nascitur, non fit.* "It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven," said the sage of Concord, "to become a walker," and averred that he could not stay in his chamber for a single day without acquiring some rust. These are the true walkers, who must get their limbs swinging to the march, who must continually be refreshed by the incense of the fragrant open air, for whom a room is a prison.

Size and cost control inspiration, and in its form, at its modest price, "The Foot-path Way" is a capital little book, pleasant, companionable, worthy to be possessed by all who love a tramp through fields and hills and dales. Englishmen, if they are the right sort, are walkers *par excellence*. Mountains inspire them, difficulties incite them, wind and rain are things to be defied. But if the gales blow too strongly, and the rain becomes too cold and pitiless, and shelter be found imperative, their travels can be made at leisure, in the armchair way, with a book so sympathetic as this anthology.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE LAUREATE'S PROGRESS

The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, 1835-1910. (Macmillan. Two Vols. 24s. net.)

An autobiography of Mr. Alfred Austin must be a far easier thing to write than a biography of the same distinguished gentleman. In case this statement may seem to border on

the oracular, we will urge in our defence that the subject of either enterprise is the possessor of so pellucid a personality that the onlooker is fain to rest his eyes in a momentary, though metaphorical, obscurity. Next, assuming a bolder attitude, we will assert that our dictum is not without a meaning, and will endeavour to explain what that meaning is. A biographer endowed with the smallest shred of critical acumen could hardly have failed to grasp the chief notes of Mr. Austin's character—namely, simplicity and sincerity, but he might have been somewhat *dépisté* by the analysis of his achievements. For the Poet Laureate is a man of many capacities, and—if we may be allowed a slightly irreverent quotation—"they clash, my lord, they clash." Though we should pile irrelevance on irreverence, the temptation to continue our citation from a writer whose loss is still a wound is so irresistible that we will do so—"This is what it is to have two capacities. Let us be thankful we are persons of no capacity whatever." There are so many keys in the *trousseau* of Mr. Austin's activity that the uninitiated biographer might have had some difficulty in selecting the master-key. If this metaphor is a little strange, we will try to cap it presently from the work we are considering. The autobiographer has this great advantage over a hypothetical biographer, for the former has no doubts as to his primary capacity, his real mission and vocation. He knows that he was sent into the world to be a poet, to carry the flame a stage further in the torch-race, and he regards his other interests and talents—journalism, travel, politics, dainty prose-writing, and so forth—as merely subsidiary to this high mission. The other things are useful but secondary; they form part of the outfit of the complete poet.

If we read Mr. Austin right, he would accept an amendment of the *poeta nascitur* dictum, annulling its disjunctive character. In fact, we should suppose that his recipe for a poet would contain three parts of "fit" to one of the essential *nascitur*. Let us take, for instance, the following typical reflection on politics, the occasion being further invitations to stand for Parliament, after two experiences of forlorn hopes:—

My experiences at Taunton and Dewsbury had contributed to my knowledge and understanding of political life and the national character, and therefore aided one's education on "things in general," in my opinion more advantageous to poets than a life exclusively given over to retirement. But the time dedicated by them to such instruction should be of limited duration, and not interfere with the main and greater purpose of their days.

Travel is more generally recognised than politics as a friend of the Muses, but even here Mr. Austin appears to see things from a peculiar angle. He looks back on himself climbing the lower slopes of Parnassus, and wonders at his own failure to explore the future, knowing in his maturer wisdom almost the precise time and place where each one of his poetical progeny was engendered. On an early visit to Rome, for instance—

I was not conscious of the education, alike in literature and life, I was passing through. . . . I little knew that "The Human Tragedy," not to come fully and finally to the birth till more than ten years later, was already germinating, and was waiting only for the simultaneous occurrence of the mighty European events between the years 1866 and 1871 and the much-needed expansion of my own mind.

There is a suggestion of Greek drama in this poetical autobiography. And there is a suggestion of the physical culture school in the constant feeling of the creative muscles.

Mr. Austin has occasion in one place to speak of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and he does so with some severity, contrasting him unfavourably with the virile Byron. Curiously

enough, during our perusal of the Autobiography we have found ourselves thinking more than once of Rousseau. We suppose that the association is due less to a comparison of two minds than to a similarity in their methods. The ancient and the modern autobiographer are alike fond of formulating traits in their own minds and characters. But in the case of the present work we feel sometimes as though the artist, tired of posing before the mirror, is filling in details from a lay figure, modelled from average humanity. Thus he attributes his intimacy with the late Lord Salisbury to this circumstance, among others, that "my concern in politics was for the welfare of the State, not my personal advantage." To inveigh against interested politicians is rather *vieux jeu*, and we should be sorry to believe that patriotism was as rare as this explanation implies. We feel uncomfortable, too, in reading of the author's "excessive sensitiveness and self-respect," even in its context, when he is speaking of his difficulties as war-correspondent, and "sprightly levity" has an odd sound in self-criticism. All these things jar probably on an insular nerve, but in revenge the following episode seems to shock some more universal feeling. It is merely an inn-keeper's lovely daughter *entrevue*, and then snatched from the poet's gaze; our disappointment was as great as his, till we found that the morning brought its compensation; but we might have been spared the phrase "that excusable love of what is beautiful."

It will be seen that Mr. Austin is after all very English, in the fullest Great-Exhibition-of-1851 sense of the word. Nowhere is this more evident than in connection with religious questions. Brought up in the strictest atmosphere of Roman Catholicism, he eventually comes to write of his former beliefs from the most approved Protestant-Anglican outside point of view. Nor can it be seen in the present volumes when the crisis of this development occurred. In this connection we may mention that this work contains reprints of some admirable newspaper articles, not only on the Ecumenical Council of 1869-70, but also on the Franco-Prussian War. The charm of this journalism lies, we think, in the quality that the writer claims for himself at the beginning of the Autobiography—genuine spontaneity. This applies equally to the whole book. Affection is a fault that is conspicuously absent. The blemishes, if such they may be called, of the style are always due to carelessness, and in no way retard the progress or impair the pleasure of the reader. We find ourselves mildly wondering why the author was threatened with prosecution for "the suppression of indecent opinions," or how at St. Cloud, after the Siege of Paris, the church was the only building to remain "unroofed and unblackened." A metaphor that rather mystifies us was born on a similar occasion:—"Here, if ever, was ocular demonstration that omelettes cannot be made without the breaking of eggs; but when the egg happens to be the nest-egg, oh! it is sad indeed." But none of these things do any real harm, and we for our part have got very little egg-shell into our mouth.

Mr. Austin's personal and political relations form a particularly interesting chapter of his life. His distinguished services to the Conservative party have brought him into touch with most of the statesmen of a generation. Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain are among those of whom he has new things to tell us. He finds in Disraeli almost his ideal of Conservative statesmanship; his own views are very frankly and uncompromisingly anti-democratic. Of Lord Salisbury he reports some excellent *mots*; we may select the following from a letter of 1886:—"Then Bismarck is somewhat in the position of Richard III. at Bosworth—not only the ghost of France, but of Austria and Denmark and Bavaria pass through his troubled dreams, and wish him disaster." Bismarck and Tennyson are two other acquaintances of whom we learn something. We are

impressed by the number of prophecies of Mr. Austin that seem to have come true; they are almost too numerous. And anyhow, where the future is concerned, we prefer, with one of Meredith's characters, "the *sage-femme* to the prophet," and the Poet Laureate has done enough in the former capacity to deserve the thanks of all who have gathered under the same standard.

POT-POURRI

Memoirs and Memories. By MRS. C. W. EARLE. With Portraits. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS it is too much to expect that the present volume of family history should closely resemble "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden." We read "Memoirs and Memories" with an anticipation of this kind, and were most pleased with the book when the profuse and sometimes tiresome letters of other people failed to appear, and Mrs. Earle came herself to the rescue with that humorous charm that won her success when the first of the three "Pot-Pourri" volumes was published. She writes, in a note at the commencement of the present work: "I offer my best thanks to my friend Miss Ethel Case, who with untiring patience and zeal helped me through the tiresome labours of compiling this book." That these labours were sometimes a little tiresome is occasionally obvious. When, however, we turn to the portrait and read the affectionate message from a grandmother to her grandchildren we understand. It is dedicated to those grandchildren. They will appreciate all the information concerning the Villiers and Liddell families, and be grateful to a grandmother who has set in their midst a pot-pourri fragrant with memories of the past. And we, too, are grateful; but not so much for the numerous letters from relatives and friends as for Mrs. Earle's own observations, her humour, her love of books.

Some of the best letters in this volume come from Henry Taylor. Here is one written to Mrs. Earle's mother, and was his playful way of suggesting that Grove Mill did not suit her:—

I will tell you a story. Last summer Professor Owen and his wife were sitting at breakfast in their cottage in Richmond Park with the window open and a jar of honey on the table. A wasp flew in at the window and settled on the honey and stuck fast in it. The Professor and his wife, with infinite pains, disentangled the wasp from the honey, washed it and cleaned it and let it go. The next morning they were again seated at the same table at breakfast with the same jar of honey. A wasp flew in, settled on the honey, stuck fast in it, was disentangled, washed and cleaned, and dismissed as before. A third and fourth morning and the same thing happened. Then the Professor said to the wasp, "My friend, I should like to know whether you are that identical slave of the honey-pot whom I have already rescued from a glutinous grave; and now having rescued you a fourth time I will snip a bit out of the corner of your wing that I may know you again." The fifth morning a wasp flew in, stuck fast, was disentangled, washed and cleaned, and on inspection he was found to be a wasp with a piece snipped out of the corner of his wing. "Go," said the Professor, "one thing is clear—that you are not one of those fools whom experience is said to teach."

In the chapter devoted to Mrs. Earle's girlhood she gives us, in that old, pleasant way of hers, a Dublin playbill of 1793. It is too good to leave unquoted in full:—

DUBLIN THEATRE ROYAL.

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.

On Saturday, May the 14th, 1793, will be performed by

command of several influential people in this learned metropolis,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET!

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's works.

Hamlet by Mr. Kearnes (his first appearance in that character), who between the Acts will perform several solos on the patent Bagpipe which plays two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character; particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll all be happy together" from the Rev. Mr. Dibbin's oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by the direction of the Rev. Father O'Callagan, will be omitted as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken, if required, in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c. &c.

No persons whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes and stockings.

Still describing her girlhood days, Mrs. Earle tells us that on one occasion she and others of a young and gay company were chaffing about the old saying, "Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses, Saturday no luck at all." Mrs. Earle writes:—"I foolishly, silly little thing that I was, turned to Lady Waldegrave and said, 'Which day were you married?' meaning, of course, to Mr. Harcourt. She answered 'Oh! my dear, I have been married nearly every day in the week.'"

Mrs. Earle writes thus of her marriage:—"I behaved very badly, and cried oceans." We are not given, nor should we desire it, an intimate sketch of her married life. Mrs. Earle felt herself eminently suited to be a poor man's wife. During the early years of their married life her husband was not only poor but ill too. However, as time went on his health considerably improved, and after getting along somehow on a very small income they were left a considerable fortune. They gradually got to know such distinguished people as Burne-Jones, George Eliot, Lewes, Huxley, and Oscar Wilde. Mrs. Earle thus describes one of the "rather formidable entertainments" held at St. John's Wood, where George Eliot lived:—"The guests sat round in a semicircle, with George Eliot in the middle with her back to the window, and talked. One day Lewes took me into his library to show me her manuscripts, all beautifully bound, and he said with pride, 'I have them all except "Scenes from Clerical Life," and that the publisher retained.' They were written without a single erasure, in a very small, neat handwriting, and Lewes told me that her method with her work was to think out a chapter and then write it straight off, and no corrections were necessary."

Mrs. Earle's remark when she saw Niagara for the first time was, "Oh, it's so beautiful, I think I shall cry!" Her companion replied, "Please don't, I think there is enough water here already." Apropos the same subject Mrs. Earle tells the following story:—

A man who lived all his life close to Niagara, with its wonderful roar always in his ears, came across Southey's poem called "The Cataract of Lodore," which is a very clever example of how the sound of falling water and rushing stream can be reproduced by words. The poem made such an impression on this man that he resolved to save up money till he had enough to bring him over to England. He then journeyed to Westmorland, and was told the way to Lodore; walking along tired out, at last he sat on a large stone by

the wayside, and asked a passer-by where were the Falls of Lodore. The man answered, "Why, you're sitting on 'um."

We should like to linger over Mrs. Earle's remarks concerning certain books and their writers, but must refrain from indulging in so congenial a task. We must, however, give an account of how "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" came to be written. It happened thus: "My foreign friend came to stay with us in our new London house in Cadogan Gardens, and, as she was furnishing a country house near Frankfort, I began telling her all I knew both as regards furnishing and gardening. She naturally got rather bewildered, and said, 'Oh, I shall never remember all you tell me; if you would write it down, I should be grateful to you.' It was written down, and, as the reading world knows, published in book form. We cannot agree with Messrs. Hatchard's terse comment: "I don't call it a literary success, but a social success." We believe it had the good fortune to be both: Mrs. Earle writes: "I always feel as I walk about that my end will be a motor-car or bicycle in the small of my back." We sincerely hope that so charming a writer does not at the same time possess the gift of prophecy. We hope, moreover, that "Memoirs and Memories" will not be her last book, and that she may, even in her advanced age, gratify her many admirers with yet another volume, with yet another pot-pourri, the recipe of which lies hidden in her facile pen.

THE WOODLAND COUNTY

Memorials of Old Surrey. Edited by the REV. J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.)

MESSRS. ALLEN are publishing memorials of the counties of England, and this book is a noteworthy addition to the series. Its contents are best gathered from the titles of the articles forming the memorials. "Historic Surrey," by H. E. Malden, M.A., begins with the palaeolithic and neolithic ages, and brings the history down to later times, and is an exhaustive résumé of the subject. Mr. Malden has already written several books on Surrey, and his article is therefore doubly valuable. Mr. George Clinch, F.S.A., contributes the next article, a little overlapping that by Mr. Malden, on "Surrey Before the Norman Conquest." It is illustrated by other very good drawings of bronze buckles and antiquities found at various times in the county. The editor is responsible for articles on the "Forests of Surrey," and shows that Surrey is one of the best wooded counties in England, having a total area, according to the latest statistics, of no less than 58,576 acres. There is no doubt that this large average of woodland gives much of the charm to the county, and may its woodlands long continue! "Memorial Brasses in the County," by Mr. F. R. Fairbank, M.D., F.S.A., tells us, among much other interesting information, that although Surrey cannot boast of so magnificent a collection of brasses as its neighbours—Sussex and Kent—it possesses at Stoke d'Abernon, the home of the Vincents, the oldest brass in the United Kingdom. Very excellent drawings add interest to this article. "Roads, Screens, and Lofts in Surrey" form the subject of the next paper, and Mr. Aymer Vallance, M.A., F.S.A., illustrates his article by some charming sketches, to which is added an alphabetical list of Surrey villages containing examples.

"The Royal Residences of Surrey" are dealt with in a charming paper by Mr. J. Tavener-Perry:—

Every dynasty of Monarchs in turn have made their homes in buildings which they have raised or embellished in Surrey. From the Saxon Kings to the last Sovereign of

the House of Hanover, not a few of them have been intimately associated with their Surrey residences. . . . Before the Tower of London was dreamt of, and when Windsor Castle was at most but an earthwork, Kennington Palace was already the home of the Danish Kings, and its manor is still the heritage of the Prince of Wales.

A description of "The Fortunes of Lambeth Palace," by S. W. Kershaw, M.A., F.S.A., appropriately follows, as the palace surely comes very near to being a Royal residence.

"The Wall Paintings in Surrey Churches," contributed by Mr. Philip M. Johnston, F.S.A., and beautifully illustrated, is extremely interesting. The author tells us that Surrey and Sussex together contain more ancient wall paintings than any other half-dozen counties in England, and that the Chaldon painting of the former county and the wonderful series at Hardham, in the latter one, are for age and singularity unrivalled in this country. There is a very detailed description of the Chaldon picture. The illustration on page 211 of a wall-painting at Pyrford almost suggests the attitude of a modern golf-player. Stoke d'Abernon again figures in this article.

"The Foundation of the Abbey of Bermondsey" is described by Mr. F. R. Fairbank, M.D., F.S.A., who tells us that the Cluniac monks came into England soon after the Norman Conquest, and amongst their earliest settlements were those of Lewes and Bermondsey. This article is linked with one by the Editor on the "Religious Houses of Surrey," particularly the Abbeys of Chertsey and Waverley, and apparently is condensed from a longer article in the "Victoria County History of Surrey," by the same author. "The Post-Reformation Foundations in Surrey" follows, and is another link in the subject treated in the two previous articles.

The final article, on "Fanny Burney's Association with Surrey," is by F. W. Kershaw, M.A. The writer suggests that her connection with the county somewhat recalls the associations of Jane Austen with Hampshire, George Eliot with Derbyshire, and Miss Mitford with Berkshire. It is very gossipy and interesting. Before this concluding article is one entitled "The Story of the Hindhead Gibbet," by Dr. Cox, and we protest against the inclusion in "Memorials of Old Surrey" of such a sordid tale as this. Murders on the Portsmouth Road of drunken or unfortunate sailors were extremely common, and the only reason why the narrative of this particular murder has been perpetuated is because a stone was put up at Hindhead by some gentleman to his own honour and glory, inasmuch as the sailor who was murdered was unknown. It is not worthy, to our minds, of being included in a book treating of the true memorials of the county.

The contributors to the volume are past masters of their subjects, and the result is a well-written and well-illustrated work which deserves a welcome place amongst county histories, especially in the library of every Surrey county gentleman.

SONGS OF ERIN

Ancient Irish Poetry. By DR. KUNO MEYER. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE student of the Irish language is still frequently met by the objection, "But what is the use of learning Irish? There is no Irish literature." It is largely owing to the labours of such men as Dr. Sigerson and Dr. Meyer that, as the latter says in the preface to this book of translations, "the fact is becoming recognised in ever wider circles that the vernacular literature of ancient Ireland is the most primitive and original among the literatures of Western Europe."

The poems translated by Dr. Meyer are interesting, not

merely as reflecting the views and emotions of a primitive people, but for their intrinsic value as literature. They have, in places, a poignant simplicity which, paradoxically, is only attained by a conscious and highly developed sense of literary art. In the "Song of Summer," for instance, after such descriptive verses as

The corncrake, a strenuous bard, discourses,
The lofty cold waterfall sings
A welcome to the warm pool—
The talk of the rushes has come,

we get this vivid human touch—

A wild longing is on you to race horses.

Dr. Meyer arranges his translations under various headings—Myth and Saga, Religious Poetry, Songs of Nature, &c. A few have already been translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall;" but for the most part the poems will be new to the reader. Of the different groups, that comprising the Songs of Nature is, perhaps, the finest. In Irish poetry, both ancient and modern, the love of wild Nature is almost a "possession." In the fine "King and Hermit" it is as though the writer could not weary of enumerating all the beauties of the free forest life. The same quality is noticeable in the four descriptive songs of the seasons with their Japanese-like delicacy of touch, and in what has been called the first song of exile, "Colum Cille's Greeting to Ireland."

But the different phases of human feeling are not neglected. There is a naive and delightful intimacy in the confession of a writer of the tenth century who laments the flightiness of his thoughts during the singing of the Psalms; "as slippery as an eel's tail they glide out of my grasp," he complains. Real pathos distinguishes "The Desolated Home," where a man sees in a blackbird's nest destroyed by cowherds the symbol of his own deserted hearth. The most striking of these "human" poems is "The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare" for her departed youth. It bears a strong resemblance to Villon's "La Belle Héaulmire," written five hundred years later, but the old Irish poet has avoided the frank coarseness of the Frenchman:—

I had my day with kings,
Drinking mead and wine:
To-day I drink whey-water
Among shrivelled old hags.

"The Tryst after Death," with its fine opening and concluding stanzas, contains a curious and minute description of a jewelled draught-board bequeathed by the dead warrior to his lady.

Dr. Meyer has been well advised in giving his versions in prose; an attempt to reproduce the intricacies of the old Irish verse is apt to result in a confusion of the sense and a certain loss of charm. Lovers of genuine literature in any form should be grateful to Dr. Meyer for such a fascinating glimpse into a treasure-house which we are glad to think is still very far from being exhausted.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Elements of Indian Taxation, Elements of the Theory of Taxation, with Special Reference to Indian Conditions. By LEONARD ALSTON, Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)

THE subject of Indian taxation is apt to assume greater prominence when the Indian Budget is under consideration, as it invariably is during the early part of the year. From the statements received it appears that the only fiscal change proposed is a reduction of the tobacco import

duty, in order to remove hardships of the country industry. Last year taxation was imposed to meet an anticipated fall in the opium revenue; but opium has shown an increase of nearly three millions sterling in 1910-11, which cannot be expected to recur. The increase has therefore been treated as a windfall, and distributed equitably and profitably. The lay mind cannot help being struck with the uncertainty of the Government's income. The Indian opium revenue is doomed to early extinction, and, unless the normal growth of income is accelerated, other taxation may be required to replace it. What form will such taxation assume? This is the practical question. Dr. Alston's little book, which he has worked up from official publications, aims at clarifying, for the student of the subject, the principles of taxation generally, with special reference to India. No objection can be offered to his enunciation of principles; his statements are easily understood, and he writes as an expert. Free Trade has hitherto been accepted as best for India; but it is more than probable that attempts will be made to reverse the policy. It cannot be too firmly laid down and insisted upon that what is suited to England is not necessarily right for India. For example, Dr. Alston's tables show some remarkable differences. In England, Customs produce nearly 24, Excise 25, Income-tax 23, Land-tax .5 per cent. of the total revenue. In India, Customs yield 9, Excise 12, Income-tax nearly 3, and Land Revenue 38 per cent. of the receipts. Such comparisons are useful as indicating the impossibility of reconciling different systems. Dr. Alston fully explains the alleged "economic drain" on India, on which false charges against British rule are so often based. His work is a condensed *multum in parvo*, and should be widely read and carefully studied.

Civil War. A Play in Four Acts. By ASHLEY DUKES.
(Stephen Swift. 2s. net.)

CHARACTERISATION rather than strength of plot is the outstanding point of this very interesting little study of social differences. It is true that there is not much in the way of fine shades attempted; the chief persons whom the author puts before us are of such extremely contrasting types that they act as foils to each other without much effort at subtlety being necessary. Sir John Latimer, tall, dignified, absorbed in his own life and work, wealthy and tolerably contented, is rudely shaken when he finds that his son Michael has become "entangled" with the daughter of James Shannon, head of a Communist colony settled near at hand. It had been Sir John's intention that Michael should assist him in his life-work of interpreting "The Meaning of Civilisation," and, as he was an aristocrat of the old school, trouble was certain to follow when Michael showed signs of rebellion. The play concerns itself with the outcome of this love of Michael's, and the conflict between ideals diametrically opposed is cleverly suggested, the uncouth, embittered nature of Shannon being especially well drawn. "Civil War" was produced by the Stage Society in June, 1910, and is shortly to be seen, we understand, at one of the newer repertory theatres. It should have a successful run, for it deals with vital matters in a reasonable and restrained style. It is a great pity that pages 113 to 128 are repeated, in the copy under review, through carelessness.

The Great Solemnity of the Coronation of a King and Queen.
With Notes by DOUGLAS MACLEANE, M.A., and an
Introduction by the LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY. (George
Allen and Co., Ltd. 5s. net.)

"FORMS which grow round a substance will be true and good," wrote Carlyle; "forms which are consciously put

round a substance bad." To elucidate and make interesting to the ordinary man the solemn formalities of the Coronation this book has been published. The Coronation Service can be traced back for eleven centuries, and Dr. Maclean, with many liturgical, historical, and descriptive notes, explains its value and its beauty, going into full detail with regard to the Regalia, the Oath, and the Vestments, and giving a categorical account of the Coronation of King Edward VII. The whole book is most interesting, and should be treasured by all who wish to realise the true significance of the ceremony which is made the occasion for so great an outflow of national rejoicing.

The Church of the Knights Templars in London. A Description of the Fabric and its Contents, with a Short History of the Order. By GEORGE WORLEY. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.)

Notes on the Temple Organ. By the late EDMUND MACRORY, Q.C. Illustrated. Third Edition. By M. MUIR MACKENZIE. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

VISITORS to the Temple Church could not take with them a better little guide-book than the first of these small volumes. It will tell them practically everything that is known concerning the ancient edifice and its contents. The book deals very fully with the vexed question of the recumbent effigies, and contains a useful Appendix upon the Temple organ.

The last-mentioned topic is dealt with at greater length in the second of the two volumes here noticed. Edmund Macrory's well-known notes are capably edited by Mr. Muir Mackenzie, whose footnotes are very welcome. An Appendix contributed by Mr. F. Rothwell, who carried out the recent reconstruction of the organ, deals in detail with the stops made by Father Smith, the original maker of the famous instrument.

FICTION

Winding Paths. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

MRS. GERTRUDE PAGE has evidently a deep admiration for her principal heroine, Hal Pritchard, but we think she rather over-estimates that lady's perfections. One gets rather tired of being told what an exceedingly wideawake and broad-minded person she is, and the suave impertinence with which she points out to her stiff-necked brother the paths of reason and sense arouses a strong desire to administer the snub vigorous. To be quite frank Hal is an unlikeable person, and we wonder at the fascination she appears to exercise upon those whom she meets. Sir Edwin Crathie, a Cabinet Minister of the "unscrupulous type" beloved of lady novelists, finds her impudence charming, and, as his own manners are those of a rather ill-bred and forward schoolboy, they get along very well together. Nor apparently does a long series of silly gibes make Aylmer Hermon, the golden-haired giant, like her the less; in the end he finds it in him to fall in love with her, after a preliminary adventure with Lorraine Wilson, a lady who is supposed to be a great actress, but only succeeds, as far as the reader is concerned, in being a great nonentity. In short, Mrs. Page's numerous characters are not very valuable acquaintances, and her scenes of "free-lance" life in London are distinctly dull. Our authoress is an experienced and facile writer, who is certainly not careless or unworkmanlike; she is quite up-to-date and even mildly

topical, but we do not see that her book can make any one much wiser or more charitable than one was before.

People of Popham. By MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. (Constable. 6s.)

We had best admit at once that Mrs. George Wemyss has no particular story to tell. There are in her book no big scenes, no "set pieces," nothing for which the reader braces himself, no climax and no anti-climax. Characters jump up and bow, utter a few droll words, and vanish in an echo of laughter. Persons of more importance, who have dominated many chapters, are moved aside without a word of apology, perhaps to enter again later, perhaps to appear no more. The scenes are laid in a village, of which so little is told us in the formal descriptive way that we do not now know whether it stands on a hill or in a hollow. Enough that we remember a high street, a shop or two, some charming houses, a manor and a place in which to picnic. We visit them all, and always in good company—such wise, witty, and cheerful company as is the eternal justification of the novel. There is not a person in the book whom we should not like to know; and although it is impossible to mention many, the cream of the society is perhaps to be found in Jane, the maid, Lady Victoria and Poppy, Mrs. Durnford, the Howard children and Miss Dorinda, whose shopping excursion to London supplies some of the funniest pages we have ever read. "People of Popham" is a book that only a woman could have written, and only a kindly and humorous woman at that. If the reader will allow his or her memory to select the books of which the same thing may be said, he or she will at once see powerful reasons for procuring the present volume.

Justus Wise. By A. WILSON-BARRETT. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

PROBABLY every reader of fiction occasionally likes a slight diversion from the usual style of book the principal features of which, in the ordinary way, centre round the love affairs of several people. If so, very good fare is provided for them in Mr. A. Wilson-Barrett's latest romance, "Justus Wise." Mr. Justus Wise is, as he himself informs us, a "Confidential Agent, patronised by Royalty and the nobility," and also at the beginning of the very first chapter absolutely at his wits' ends to know how he is to continue to rent the offices he is occupying, as no clients come his way. One morning, however, when lighting the fire in the inner office, a body is discovered up the chimney, and on being pulled down proves to be that of a middle-aged man who apparently has been dead but a few days. Following immediately upon this discovery, a client appears, and thence all sorts of mysteries present themselves. The Confidential Agent is kept busy investigating, hunting people down, and racing round the town in motor-cars. Adventure follows adventure until in the end everything is made clear, right rewarded, and wrong punished. The interest in the story is well sustained, and, although mysteries deepen and plots thicken, the reader is steered clearly through them all, and has no reason to be bored if his tastes run in the direction of stirring detective stories.

The White Owl. By KATE HORN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

It is quite evident that Miss Horn has very little sympathy with London and those people who are compelled by fashion to inhabit that city during the "season," for in "The White Owl," as in other of her books, our author sends her heroine into the sweet, pure air of the country—this time in order to regain the health she had lost whilst doing her

duty in her aunt's house in town. In spite of the fact that there is no originality in the plot, this wholesome tale of love, intrigue, and rural life moves along in a very interesting and amusing manner. There are no dull pages in the book, while Mrs. Parfrement, a worthy farmer's wife who chaperons the invalid to Sicily, causes many a pleasant smile. All ends happily, and there is the necessity for the ringing of many wedding-bells, and not only for the young people, for Miss Horn has a pretty knack of occasionally uniting those who have spent many years of their life in loneliness whilst waiting for the one who was to be so dear to them. We look forward to more stories from the same pen told in a similar bright and healthy manner.

THE THEATRE

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" was the play chosen for presentation at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday last. Sir Herbert Tree has staged this play before, and it is well known that Falstaff is one of his favourite parts. On Monday he acted the amorous knight even better than on previous occasions, and his performance delighted a crowded audience. Sir Herbert was extraordinarily well supported by a very strong cast. Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Violet Vanbrugh were quite excellent as Mistress Page and Mistress Ford respectively. Miss Viva Birkett was a charming Anne Page—delightful to look upon. Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Master Ford was entitled to unstinted praise in a character of secondary importance. Two admirable character-studies were those of Mr. Walter Creighton as Master Slender and Mr. Edward Sass as Bardolf. Mr. Creighton was quite as good in his presentation of Master Slender as he was in that of the Prince of Aragon in the "Merchant of Venice," which is high praise. Bardolf, as acted by Mr. Sass, was a clever performance. It promoted sympathy to watch his unctuous appreciation as Falstaff quaffed the sack, coupled with his keen apprehension that never a drop would fall to his share. We must not omit a word of praise to Mr. Henry Hewett as Nym, Mr. O'Neill as Pistol, and Mr. Leon Lion as Simple. The play, compared with some of Shakespeare's masterpieces, is perhaps a trifle, but it is extremely entertaining, and as staged and acted at His Majesty's will, we think, attract to itself a full meed of public appreciation.

"THE PARISIENNE" AT THE ROYALTY

To praise the actors and to regret the play is apparently the only way out of the difficulty confronting us after witnessing Madame Yavorska's production of "The Parisienne"—the difficulty of criticising French satire in English guise, and of mitigating our disappointment. We cannot think that Madame Yavorska has been well advised in reviving for London this twenty-year-old comedy of Henri Becque. Despite her charm, her wonderfully expressive gestures, her skilful presentation of subtle, fleeting moods, and (last, but not least!) her exquisite dresses, the whole thing roused little enthusiasm, left unpleasant afterthoughts, and only showed once more what has been proved a dozen times—that French stage humour, with its predilection for inversions and perversions of the relationships of husband and wife, nearly always fits badly in its English costume. True, Becque's play has its moments of keen irony, of real comedy, of pretty trifling; also of sheer farce—as when Clotilde tantalises Lafont with the letter behind her husband's back, holding it provokingly just beyond his reach; but we

question the value of it and the wisdom of staging it here. And it was fairly obvious that the hearty calls at the end of each Act were due, not to the appeal of the play, but to the excellence of those who interpreted.

Madame Yavorska as the inconsequent and rather wicked Clotilde, who seemed to have two hearts—one for her husband, Du Mesnil, and one for her lover—had a part which brought out the lighter side of an art that we have seen more seriously expounded in her Ibsen season, a part, however, upon which we are sorry she should waste her fine talents. She was imperious, pleading, defiant, persuasive, sorrowful, provocative by turns; her dresses drew whispered comments, we dare assert, from every woman present; her scenes with the two men were excellently stage-managed. But her success was obviously one of personality triumphing over difficulties, and we venture to say that with almost any English actress in the character the play would have fallen flat. Lafont, the lover, was energetically taken by Mr. Charles Bryant—a shade too energetically at times, perhaps, but on the whole well; Mr. F. Kinsey Peile was irresistible as Du Mesnil; the smaller part of Baron Simpson, to whom Clotilde turns in her husband's financial embarrassment, received sympathetic treatment at the hands of Mr. Eric Maturin; and to Miss Aimée de Burgh as Adèle, the maid, due meed of praise must be given.

"The Parisienne" was preceded by a piece described as "A Classical Farce in One Act," by Mr. W. L. Courtney, with which Mr. Charles Bryant, Mr. Eric Maturin, Miss de Burgh, and Miss Frances Welstead (as a "Voice") did the best they could. "Pericles and Aspasia" may be intended as a light skit on modern London, and is possibly meant to be humorous; but the introduction of cigarettes, a type-writer, a telephone, electric light—the mention of a motor-car, the week's washing, the cook who has left—the exploitation of modern slang, such as "josser," "pal," "johnny," "deuced pretty girl"—the allusion to Socrates as "Socky," and to Euripides as the author of "Damn and Super-damn"—all these, depending for their effect on contrast with the ancient Greek atmosphere, make rather sorry fooling for grown-up people. Surely Mr. W. L. Courtney is capable of better things than "Pericles and Aspasia"! In a farce, be it classical or not, we expect a few hearty laughs. As a matter of fact we could only show our appreciation now and then by a somewhat wry smile, although in justice to all concerned we must put on record that certain ripples of silvery laughter broke continuously from the back of the house, and flowed graciously over the bewildered occupants of the stalls.

THE COURT THEATRE

THE IRISH PLAYERS

IT was at least adventurous, and adventure has always its fascinations in a work-weary world. The Irish Players are inevitably associated in the mind with the things that tend to simplicity: with remote villages that have not lost the glory of life, the wonder and habit of humour, and the richness of musical speech. With Lady Gregory this simplicity is simply broad and rustic, with none of the self-conscious meanings that the words "broad" and "rustic" have come to wear in our midst; with Synge it was a half-brackish instinct that thrust past externals to the inwardness of souls; with Yeats it was touched with phantasy or sublimated to a poetry of dreams and essences; with T. C. Murray in "Birthright" it has become fierce, dark, and primal, and even when Mr. Lennox Robinson in "Harvest" desired to be sceptic, he had to be sceptic at the expense of this self-same simplicity. It was simple

throughout, with a simplicity that sprang from the genuine founts of inspiration, avoiding the bucolic on the one hand and the mime and meretrix on the other.

Against such a background, then, what shall be said to the Gorgeous Exotic? Yet it was this that they chose to open their concluding week with. A warning note was struck in the fact that on entering the theatre one's nostrils were assailed with the heavy odour of incense; yet even so the mind was ill-prepared for what was to follow in the head-piece of the evening, "King Argimenes," by Lord Dunsany. On the programme the period was advertised as "A long time ago," and therefore we presume, since Time was dismissed, Space also was dismissed with equal scorn, and the country depicted was situate nowhere and sprang nowhere.

Now this is admirable. It has always been our conviction that drama (as distinguished from the novel) is ideal; and that therefore the Greeks, in seeking to pronounce the unities of space and time, were vaguely and imperfectly seeking to express this ideal nature of drama. But in ideal conditions all things are ideal; attire, for instance, is becomingly ideal, simple, and unobtrusive. In no ideal conditions would an ideal character wear a conical hat of almost three feet high in a flaming orange hue. Perhaps, indeed, in ideal conditions a king would have four wives (an apt selection of many more doubtless), but we are very sure that he would never bring them in such extraordinary garbs. He himself, King Darniak, who held King Argimenes as a slave over whom he gloated, was very strongly Assyrian; there were in his make-up marked resemblances to Asshur-bani-apli, especially about the artificial hirsute adornments, though we are very sure, judging from his effete deportment, that he had nothing of the fire and energy of that distinguished warrior. But his wives resembled nothing on earth. All ages and all arts combined to make them bizarre and fantastic, in the aforesaid orange hat disappearing into darkness, and other strange apparel. We are very sure Sara Allgood, Kathleen O'Brien, Maire O'Neill and Maire Nic Shiubhlaigh, in their wildest nightmares, have never thought to be clothed in this wise.

This was the centre-note of the play. Play, however, it could hardly be called; being rather a fantastic production that threw his Majesty's into the shade. Fourteen different characters figure in the persons of the plays, which is a goodly assembly in the productions of the Irish players; yet among all these there is only one who has any part to fill at all, and that is King Argimenes, he striding through his unopposed way in a manner unexampled on earth. He, be it said, is a slave; and the first scene discovers him at "The Dinner Hour on the Slave-fields of King Darniak," conversing earnestly, as he digs, with Zarb, "a slave born of slaves," but in no way different, for all that, from the other slaves of King Darniak. He converses of his misfortunes, does King Argimenes, and digs; and when he has conversed sufficiently and dug sufficiently, he finds an opportune sword of ancient shape and outline, which fills him with lust of conquest, and duly impresses Zarb, the slave born of slaves. Intermittently the while the guard passes by, to whom he has to give an unflattering obeisance. At last he strikes off his own fetters (with such surpassing ease that we wonder that the idea never before came to him) and goes off single-handed to slay all the King's guard, while Zarb remains behind to gather together the other slaves. They too seem to have as little difficulty in striking off their fetters; and they seem, moreover, to have been left in a strangely unguarded condition.

At this moment a most unfelicitous thing occurred. While the slaves are describing King Argimenes' victory to us a curtain is drawn across for a change of scene. Through the joint of the curtain Zarb peers, and continues to describe

the glorious and single-handed victory. But it was difficult to hear him; for the noise of scene-shifters swelled through the air. It certainly was not provocative of becoming gravity to have Zarb's account of King Argimenes' prowess intermingled with the voice of the foreman of scene-shifters in urgent instructions to his men, and his men in noisy delivery of their burdens on the boarded stage. When the next scene is shown King Darniak and his gorgeous wives and his sumptuous and fantastic court are discovered. When they go off to sup, King Argimenes rushes in with his slaves and hews Darniak's god to pieces. Finally, too, Darniak is slain ("off-stage"), and Argimenes is victor, while we are left to wonder if Lord Dunsany really only intended to sketch out a brief outline for the purpose of permitting Mr. Nugent Monck to lay waste his phantasy in the strange largesse of exotic production.

With almost a shock of reality there succeeded to this Synge's "Well of the Saints." If "Riders to the Sea" be his purest and "The Playboy" his most beautiful achievement, "The Well of the Saints" is certainly his greatest work. The conception of Martin Doul and Mary Doul cured of blindness by a passing saint with his wondrously gathered holy water, and waking each to discover the other old and ugly, whereas they had been led to imagine themselves the beauties of the countryside, waking, too, not to the delight of the visible world, but to toil, and penury thrice penurious, is very characteristic of Synge's mordant vision of life. Incidentally it threw a sidelight on the ruin the company have made of "The Playboy" by playing it as farce. For while one is not less characteristic of the author's mind than the other, "The Well of the Saints" is less malleable in its production than "The Playboy." The result was that, in spite of an obvious eagerness on the part of the audience for an occasion for tittering, scarcely a laugh broke the course of the play. Synge had the rare faculty of mixing his laughter with such bitterness of tears that mirth, while ever present, has rarely an opportunity of moving through to the noise of lips. It is kept always pensive and thoughtful.

In this play more than any other one is brought continuously against the firm edge of the uncannily shrewd thought running through all Synge's works, a shrewdness so typical of his nation's psychology. It is so, for instance, when Timmy the Smith complains to Martin Doul, whom he has compelled to work hard for him, that now he and his wife, Mary, have recovered their sight they have set "every person in this place, and up beyond to Rathvanna, talking of nothing, and thinking of nothing, but the way they do be looking in the face." It comes out quietly in the gentle hints that are given that, though Martin and Mary have separated owing to their discovered ugliness in each other, Mary will be for ever taking useless errands that should lead her daily within sight of Martin. So in the concluding Act, when Martin mocks at the strange solace Mary had found, they both blind again, but with the added discovery of their ugliness, Mary strikes to the centre of him, saying "You were saying all times you'd a great ear for hearing the lies in a word. A great ear, God help you, and you think you're using it now." Sara Allgood and Arthur Sinclair, as was to be expected, played Mary and Martin Doul, with Maire O'Neill as Molly Byrne and Sidney Morgan as Timmy the Smith.

In the concluding programme of the visit there were given Mr. Yeats' familiar "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and Mr. Murray's "Birthright"—a meeting of the old and the new in very deed. The something strangely unsatisfactory in "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" was satisfactorily smoothed out of the way by the dream movements of the acting. It was good to see Miss Maire Nic Shiubhlaigh back in her old part of Delia Cahel. The more we see of "Birthright" the more

we are convinced that it is a very fine and noteworthy achievement. The acting of the four central figures has a coherence and balance rare to discover in the theatre; and the acting of that really fine actress Miss Eileen O'Doherty, in the concluding movement, is one of the supremest things in the whole season, only to be eclipsed, in fact, by Miss Sara Allgood in the "Riders to the Sea." Among the new plays given this year, in writing and in acting, the crown of the achievement must undeniably go to "Birthright."

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—III.

By FRANK HARRIS

We had spent so many hours in the Church of Brou that we were compelled to hurry if we wished to reach Dijon that night, and so we took the most direct road over Louhans and Auxonne instead of the main road, which passes through Chalons, Chagny, and Beaune. For we both knew it would be dark long before we reached Beaune, and once there, we should not be able to go on without seeing the famous Hôtel Dieu, or Hospital, with the lady nurses in the quaint costumes of the fifteenth century—white in summer and blue in winter. (How beautiful this French name for a hospital, "God's Inn.")

Besides, I longed to see the famous Primitive picture in fifteen panels of "The Last Judgment," by Roger van der Weyden, and the great Flemish tapestries of the fifteenth century, and the Aubusson of the sixteenth. There is wonderful Gobelin tapestry, too, to be seen at Beaune, and wooden galleries, two storeys high and three hundred years old, to say nothing of the Church of Notre Dame, which dates from 1330, and possesses tapestries of the fifteenth century which tell the story of the Virgin in many colours.

Clearly we should have to stop at Beaune if we came near it, and so we fled temptation, as Beaune lies on the direct road, and can easily be visited another time; and now we want to spend some hours in Dijon in the morning, and go out of our way to Vezelay and yet sleep in Paris that night, which means doing something more than 250 miles—a long drive even for a powerful car.

How rich is this noble country of France in works of art and historical associations! Every few miles we are pulled hither and thither by our desire just to see this or that masterpiece! Italy alone is perhaps richer in works of the Renaissance, but every epoch in France has had its own art and its own master-workmen, and the result is incomparably richer and more interesting than can be found in any other country.

And of all the cities of France, except Paris, Dijon is the one in which you can best study the succeeding epochs of a nation's art.

The sun was darting the last level rays in our eyes as we took the north road from Bourg with over one hundred miles still to do before sleeping in Dijon. The road was almost perfect, as only a French road is: no *caniveaux* and only one level-crossing; and so we pushed the accelerator home and called on the machine to do its best. In a little over two hours we lifted the lights of Dijon on our left, and soon slipped through the streets to our hotel, noticing only that the brave Mercédès was not even warm.

It is difficult to know where to begin to write about Dijon, for its art wealth is so extraordinary that one feels inclined to say it must be visited to be even imagined. The old town itself is a jewel-casket. It was the capital

of the Dukes of Burgundy for just three centuries—from 1179 till the death of Charles the Reckless in 1477. For these three hundred years Dijon was as politically important as Paris itself, and this period covers the best of Gothic architecture and art, and reaches into the full bloom of the Renaissance. For this time, at least, Dijon seems to me the most interesting city in the world, more interesting even than Florence, for the art of Florence is derivative. It is all tinged with classic tradition and fashioned on classic models, whereas the art of Dijon is all pure Flemish, has come to birth by native impulse, and has the full savour of the race.

First of all let us just glance at the architecture. When Dijon, which had always been Catholic, surrendered to Henry IV. in 1595, after the famous victory of Fontaine-Française, the great fighter and lover called it the "city of beautiful spires," and the praise is justified. Though Dijon has not a single church to compare with that of Chartres or of Amiens, its Cathedral, which was once the Abbey Church of Saint-Bénigne, is really interesting in spite of the fact that it belongs to no single style or time. It is not even a true Gothic Cathedral at all: the foundations of it are so old that it follows the plan of the last Roman-Byzantine churches. On this foundation an old Gothic church was erected, most of which disappeared or was pulled down to make place for the new church of 1280; the finest parts of this, too, were destroyed in the Revolution. I prefer the smaller church of St. Michel, which is almost pure sixteenth century. This church also suffered greatly in the Terror, but there are very interesting things in it, notably the great doors and the base of the statue of St. Michel, where you find not only Jesus and the Magdalene, but Venus, too, and Hercules, with the bulls of Geryon—the frank paganism of the Renaissance. The finest church in Dijon is beyond question the church of Notre Dame. It was commenced in 1178 and finished about one hundred years later. It still remains the masterpiece of the Burgundian School. But, alas! the façade of it was defaced by the *sansculottes*, who didn't like any images except their own, and, worse still, it was restored towards the end of the nineteenth century according to the plans of Viollet-le-Duc.

But if there were no churches at all, Dijon would still be visited for its house-architecture. Street after street takes one into the remote past. Here is an *echauvette* of the early seventeenth century; there the house of the Cariatides, with carved wooden figures supporting the front of the second and third floors; a gorgeous well in the courtyard of the Tribunal of Commerce belongs to the same time; while the portal of the Hotel Vogüé and a tower at the angle of the Hotel des Berbis are both wonders of the best period of the Renaissance. I know no town that in so small a space reminds one so often of past centuries and calls up historic events with such magic of suggestion.

The art-centre of the town, however, is to be sought in the old Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, which is now at once the *hôtel de ville*, the museum, and the post-office. The old Palace was begun in 1364 and finished in 1468. Of this building the tower is still standing, and the body of the building, which contains the famous *Salle des Gardes* and the great kitchen. The old well in the courtyard belongs to the same century.

But before describing these, let me get done with less important treasures. The picture-gallery is very interesting in its way, with fifty pictures which deserve study. There is a portrait of a woman by Clouet, and the head of a laughing child by Franz Hals, which are simply unforgettable. In another room the best Henner I've ever seen and three Teniers, and a splendid landscape by Ruysdael; to say nothing of a dozen canvases by Greuze and Chardin and Nattier which would be worth noticing in any company.

But the Burgundy school is famous for its sculpture and not for its paintings. And there are certain examples even of modern work which must not be passed over. Rude was a native of Dijon, and all his best things are here, notably a Hebe exquisite in girlish slimness, a thousand times more individual and therefore more attractive than the vaunted Henner.

A terra-cotta bust of Napoleon, by Houdon, struck me more than anything, partly, of course, because it is one of the few contemporary busts, but more because of its own surpassing quality. Houdon is known to Englishmen chiefly by the marvellous seated statue of Voltaire in the Comédie Française, the face a wonder of realistic presentment: the mocking soul of the man seems to have formed his every feature, so that it is a mask of grinning sarcasm. This head of Napoleon is at the other pole of art, and shows the sculptor's width of range. It is, of course, beautiful, though perhaps the nose is a little too large for perfect symmetry. The wonder of the head is its enigmatic, mysterious expression; the power and pride of the regard. This, one feels, is the head of the man who even after defeat conquered twenty millions of people without needing to strike a blow.

I make no apology for telling here a story of Napoleon which has always affected me greatly. It seems to me one of the most characteristic stories of the greatest man of action since Caesar, and it will probably therefore be of interest to men for centuries to come. At the beginning of his career Napoleon was sent to take the command of the army in Italy. He had to pass through Lyons, which was held by General Augereau, who had already given proof of his talent for war, besides showing remarkable force of character and desperate courage. Augereau prepared to meet the young Corsican who had already made himself talked about and was now sent from Paris, and put above him, a senior officer, by the law-makers. He surrounded himself with his staff, saying to them: "You shall see how I'll receive this young man; he won't impose on me, I promise you. I'm not afraid of him."

When the doors were thrown open, and Napoleon entered hurriedly, Augereau remained insolently seated. Napoleon took in the position at a glance. Stopping short, he folded his arms and fixed his eyes on the general. In spite of himself, Augereau rose to his feet and bowed. With head thrown back and a curt nod Napoleon communicated his wishes, disdaining further notice of Augereau's poor attempt at bluff.

The story seems to me worthy to stand with the finest things told of Caesar, with Plutarch's account of how he disposed of Metellus at the Treasury: "Young man, it would be as easy for me to kill you as to tell you to stand aside," and of how he lorded it over the pirates, and this other story which I've read somewhere, though I have forgotten where. As a young man Caesar owed more money than any one else ever owed in Rome, millions and millions of sesterces. When he crossed the Rubicon a Roman rode up to him, saying:

"That must have been an anxious moment even for you, Caesar."

"Not for me," replied Caesar, smiling, "but, perhaps, for my creditors."

The tale is very modern and ironic; characteristic, too, of Caesar's aristocratic contempt for money. There are a dozen instances of Napoleon's comprehension of the value of money which are just as characteristic of his poverty-stricken upbringing.

This bust of him by Houdon is the only head I have ever seen which gives me the sense of power that must have been in Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE STORY OF A BOOK

IV.—FAME

It was some little time before the public, the mysterious section of the public that reads works of fiction, discovered that the Publisher, aided by the normal good-humour of the critics, had persuaded them to sacrifice some of their scant hours of intellectual recreation on a work of portentous dulness. Then—for the literary audience has its sense of humour—they amused themselves for a while by recommending the book to their friends, and the sales crept steadily up to four thousand, and there stayed with an unmistakable air of finality. If the book had had any real literary merit its life would have started at that point, for the weary comments of reviewers and the strident outcries of publishers tend to obscure rather than reveal the permanent value of a book. But six months after publication "The Improbable Marquis" was completely forgotten, save by the second-hand booksellers, who found themselves embarrassed with a number of books for which no one seemed anxious to pay sixpence, in spite of the striking heliotrope binding. The Publisher, who was aware of this circumstance, offered the Author five hundred copies at cost price, and the Author bought them, and sent them to public libraries, without examining the motive for his action too closely. There were moments when he regarded the success of his book with suspicion. He would have preferred the praise that had greeted it to have been less violent and more clearly defined. Of all the criticisms, the only one that lingered in his mind was the curt comment, "The author had nothing to say, and he has said it." He thought it was unfair, but he had remembered it. At the same time, in examining his own character he could not find that masterfulness that seemed to him necessary in a great man. But for the most part he was content to accept his new honours with a placid satisfaction and to smile genially upon a world that was eager to credit him with qualities that possibly he did not possess.

For if his book was no longer read his fame as an author seemed to be established on a rock. Society, with a larger S than that which he had hitherto adorned, was delighted to find after two notable failures that genius could still be presentable, and the Author was rather more than that. He was rich, he had that air of the distinguished army officer which falls so easily to those who occupy the pleasant position of sleeping partner in the City, and he had just the right shade of amused modesty with which to meet inquiries as to his literary intentions. In a word, he was an Author of whom any country—even France, that prolific parent of presentable authors—would have been proud. Even his wife, who had thought it an excellent joke that her husband should have written a book, had to take him seriously as an author when she found that their social position was steadily improving. With feminine tact she gave him a fountain-pen on his birthday, from which he was meant to conclude that she believed in his mission as an artist.

Meanwhile, with the world at his feet, the Author spent an appreciable part of his time in visiting the second-hand bookshops and buying copies of his book absurdly cheap. He carried these waifs home and stored them in an attic secretly, for he would have found it hard to explain his motives to the intellectually childless. In the first flush of authorship he had sent a number of presentation copies of his book to writers whom he admired, and he noticed without bitterness that some of these volumes with their neatly-turned inscriptions were coming back to him through this channel. At all the second-hand bookshops he saw long-haired young men looking over the books without buying them, and he thought these must be authors, but he was too

shy to speak to them, though he had a great longing to know other writers. He wanted to ask them questions concerning their methods of work, for he was having trouble with his second book. He had read an article in which the writer said that the great fault of modern fiction was that authors were more concerned to produce good chapters than to produce good books. It seemed to him that in his first book he had only aimed at good sentences, but he knew no one with whom he could discuss such matters.

One day he had found a copy of "The Improbable Marquis" in the Charing Cross-road, and was glancing through it with absent-minded interest, when a voice at his elbow said: "I shouldn't buy that if I were you, Sir. It's no good!" He looked up and saw a wild young man, with bright eyes and an untidy black beard. "But it's mine; I wrote it," cried the Author. The young man stared at him in dismay. "I'm sorry; I didn't know," he blurted out, and faded away into the crowd. The Author gazed after him wistfully, regretting that he had not had presence of mind enough to ask him to lunch. Perhaps the young man could have told him how he ought to write his second book.

For somehow or other, at the very moment when his literary position seemed most secure in the eyes of his wife and his friends, the Author had lost all confidence in his own powers. He shut himself up in his study every night, and was supposed by an admiring and almost timorous household to be producing masterpieces, when in reality he was conducting a series of barren skirmishes between the critical and the creative elements of his nature. He would write a chapter or two in a fine fury of composition, and then would read what he had written with intense disgust. He felt that his second book ought to be better than his first, and he doubted whether he would even be able to write anything half so good. In his hour of disillusionment he recalled the anonymous critic who had treated "The Improbable Marquis" with such scant respect, and he wrote to him asking him to expand his judgment. He was prepared to be wounded by the answer, but the form it took surprised him. In reply to his temperate and courteous letter the critic sent a postcard bearing only five short words—"Why did you write it?"

This was bad manners, but the Author was sensible enough to see that it might be good criticism, especially as he found some difficulty in answering the question. Why had he written a book? Not for money, or for fame, or to express a personality of which he saw no reason to be proud. All his friends had said that he ought to write a novel, and he had thought that he could write a better one than the average. But he had to admit that such motives seemed to him insufficient. There was, perhaps, some mysterious force that drove men to create works of art, and the critic had seen that his book had lacked this necessary impulse. In the light of this new theory the Author was roused by a sense of injustice. He felt that it should be possible for any one to write a good book if they took sufficient pains, and he set himself to work again with a savage and unproductive energy.

It seemed to him that in spite of his effort to bear in mind that the whole should be greater than any part, his chapters broke up into sentences and his sentences into forlorn and ungregarious words. When he looked to his first book for comfort he found the same horrid phenomenon taking place in its familiar pages. Sometimes when he was disheartened by his fruitless efforts he slipped out into the streets, fixing his attention on concrete objects to rest his tired mind. But he could not help noticing that London had discovered the secret which made his intellectual life a torment. The streets were more than a mere assemblage of houses, London herself was more than a tangled skein of streets, and overhead heaven was more than a meeting-place

of individual stars. What was this secret that made words into a book, houses into cities, and restless and measureable stars into an unchanging and immeasurable universe?

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

MUSIC

PROVIDENCE in her wisdom appears to have decided that it is not good for any country to enjoy an uninterrupted succession of great men in art. We must not be greedy, she seems to say, and expect to have everything at once. If we are granted great men of science, for example, or heaven-sent statesmen, we are not to think it strange if no artists in the grand style, whether painters or musicians, or poets in prose and verse are vouchsafed to us at the same time. It is true that we of Great Britain have no reason to complain of an illiberal Providence in regard to the bestowal of painters and poets. When we contemplate the offspring of our British Muses, we can say as complacently as Lady Bertram did to Fanny Price on the occasion of Crawford's proposal, "Humph! we certainly are a handsome family." But when we look up our roll of musicians in the grand style there is much less reason for satisfaction, and we may be driven to console ourselves with the doctrine that it is not good for us to have everything at once. Critics may assure us that had it not been for Handel, who diverted the stream of musical inspiration from the proper course, the river, whose upper waters knew such gods as Byrd and Tallis, Purcell and Gibbons would now have become a flood worthy to be mentioned in any book of geography with the mighty German rivers themselves. Their explanation, however, accept it as eagerly as we will, is but a cold comfort. The doctrine of the law of compensation is more flattering to our pride. We really should have been too much favoured a nation had we been given Beethovens as well as Shakespeares, and Mozarts as well as Turners, to say nothing of our Newtons and George Stephensons.

We have been led to indulge in these salutary reflections it having recently been our privilege to lend a sympathetic ear to the lament of some distinguished American cousins over the musical unfruitfulness of their magnificent country. "Emerson is not our only great philosopher in prose," they truly declare; "Sargent and Whistler are not our only great painters; and as for inventions, what does the world not owe to us! But why have we no composers? We are young, and cannot, of course, pretend to look back and find a Purcell, but there can be no reason why we should not have at least an Elgar or a Max Reger!" We did our best to soothe the pained hearts of our friends, and shortly afterwards went with feelings of unusual interest and expectation to an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall, there to hear a programme of pieces by Mr. Henry Hadley, an American composer of whose gifts and success we hoped to be able to give an extremely encouraging account to his compatriots. How much we wish it were in our power to say that in Mr. Hadley America has at last got her Elgar. The English composer (who may now sit in the Temple of Merit between Thomas Hardy and Lord Morley) certainly has something of his very own to say, and language of his very own to say it in. We may not hold that the thoughts he expresses so well are very deep or likely to be abiding, but they are his own, and there are not, we believe, two opinions as to the grace and lucid ease with which he can express them. But we could not discern any markedly personal thought or any peculiar felicity of language in Mr. Hadley's music. There was nothing in it to offend; there were frequent elegances of orchestral device; there was

sometimes a bright heartiness of spirit, very pleasant to note in these days when Music, like Virtue in the novel of "Vanity Fair," according to Lord Rosebery, is too apt to "sit gloomily in a garb of whitey-brown."

We were allowed to hear a symphony which bears the title of "North, East, South and West." That the spirit of the North should be conveyed to us by a movement *allegro energico*, with a grave prelude and epilogue, may be all very proper, though our acquaintance with the Eastern States of America is insufficient to teach us why they should utter so plaintive a wail *andante dolorosamente*. One must have a slow movement, no doubt, in a symphony, but it need not be dolorous. The middle section of this movement in dance rhythm, and adorned with "barbaric colour," seemed strange to us amid its surroundings till we remembered that America is a country of surprises. "Darky" tunes and "rag-time" syncopation provide material for the *allegretto giocoso*, and who shall complain if Mr. Hadley thinks he may follow where Dvorák led the way? But we should like to utter a gentle protest against the notion that America should seek to found a national school of music upon its negro melodies, as older countries have evolved their music out of their folk-songs. Negro tunes are not American tunes any more than are the Indian tunes upon which, we believe, certain musical professors wish to build, in rivalry with those who declare for the "darky" foundation. Perhaps Mr. Hadley sees salvation in the use of both these founts of melodic inspiration, for in his last movement, "The West," he treats us both to an Indian tune and an Indian drum. His rhapsody "The Culprit Fay" has nothing distinctively American about it. Clever enough in its rather obvious way, it might have been written years ago by Sir Frederick Cowen, or to-day by many a young scholar of our College and Academy. The tone-poem "Salome" showed Mr. Hadley's talent at its best, and this we should like to hear again.

On the succeeding evening it was Britain's turn to show what she could produce in the way of composers. That brilliant being Miss (or ought we to write "Dr.") Ethel Smyth conducted a programme of her own music, some of it being music which is coming to be well known. Miss Smyth's strains are much more thrilling than Mr. Hadley's. What vigour, what impetuosity, what a sense of the picturesque do we not find in them! Here is a burning soul, consumed, as it seems, with desire to let its light and heat warm up the cold world. Nor can one deny that Miss Smyth is thoroughly equipped. She can clothe these surging thoughts of hers in a language that is personal and vivid, and she narrowly escapes writing music that is great. We confess to some impatience with Providence for not having granted to Miss Smyth the power to write great music. She ought to be the Charlotte Brontë of music; sometimes in the "Wreckers" and "Der Wald" she almost persuades us that she is, or is going to be, but at the end we are not convinced as we should wish to be. Does Miss Smyth, we are tempted to ask, write too impatiently? does she put down her thoughts just as they come? is the musician in her stronger than the artist? has she really not got complete control over her language and the form of it? Much as we admire most of her music, we feel that there is something wanting to make it magnificent, though it has many elements of magnificence. We could only partially judge of her new Henri de Requier songs, which a French writer has found so exquisite. Mrs. Swinton did not sing them well, and their accompaniment was too heavy. The chief popular success of the concert was the rather sensuous "Benedictus" from the Mass in D. It is quite pretty, but, compared with the composer's later work, it sounded old-fashioned and second-rate. But Mme. Blanche Marchesi and her pupils sang it so fervently that that portion of the audience which, to use Thackeray's words, "find second-rate poetry

pleasanter than your great thundering epics" insisted on its being repeated.

As we write, the news comes that the famous conductor Mottl is dead, and we mourn very sincerely the loss of such a man. It was natural that he should be a first-rate conductor of Wagner, but we own that our gratitude to him is chiefly owing to his splendid work for, and devotion to, Mozart. Those performances in the little Court Theatre of Munich will ever be one of the most cherished of the writer's memories. Richard Strauss is finely in sympathy with Mozart's operas, and conducts them with great power. But Mottl seemed to get nearer to the heart of Mozart than any one else.

THE LOST THINGS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

I NEVER remember an historian yet, nor a topographer either, who could tell me, or even pretend to explain by a theory, how it was that certain things of the past utterly and entirely disappear.

It is a commonplace that everything is subject to decay, and a commonplace which the false philosophy of our time is too apt to forget. Did we remember that commonplace we should be a little more humble in our guesswork, especially where it concerns pre-history; and we should not make so readily certain where the civilisation of Europe began, nor limit its immense antiquity. But though it is a commonplace, and a true one, that all human work is subject to decay, there seems to be an inexplicable caprice in the method and choice of decay.

Consider what a body of written matter there must have been to instruct and maintain the technical excellence of Roman work. What a mass of books on engineering and on ship-building and on road-making; what quantities of tables and ready-reckoners, all that civilisation must have produced and depended upon. Time has preserved much verse, and not only the best by any means, more prose, particularly the theological prose of the end of the Roman time. The technical stuff, which must, in the nature of things, have been indefinitely larger in amount, has (save in one or two instances and allusions) gone.

Consider, again, all that mass of seven hundred years which was called Carthage. It was not only seven hundred years of immense wealth, of oligarchic government, of a vast population, and of what so often goes with commerce and oligarchy—civil and internal peace. A few stones to prove the magnitude of its municipal work, a few ornaments, a few graves—all the rest is absolutely gone. A few days' marches away there is an example I have quoted so often elsewhere that I am ashamed of referring to it again, but it does seem to me the most amazing example of historical loss in the world. It is the site of Hippo Regius. Here was St. Augustine's town, one of the greatest and most populous of a Roman province. It was so large that an army of eighty thousand men could not contain it, and even with such a host its siege dragged on for a year. There is not a sign of that great town to-day.

A suburb, well without the walls—to be more accurate, a neighbouring village—carries on the name under the form of Bona, and that is all. A vast, fertile plain of black rich earth, now largely planted with vineyards, stands where Hippo stood. How can the stones have gone? How can it have been worth while to cart away the marble columns? Why are there no broken statues on such a ground, and no relics of the gods?

Nay, the wells are stopped up from which the people drank, and the lining of the wells is not to be discovered in the earth, and the foundations of the walls, and even the ornaments of the people and their coins, all these have been spirited away.

Then there are the roads. Consider that great road which reached from Amiens to the main port of Gaul, the Portus Itius at Boulogne. It is still in use. It was in use throughout the Middle Ages. Up that road the French Army marched to Crécy. It points straight to its goal upon the sea coast. Its whole purpose lay in reaching the goal. For some extraordinary reason, which I have never seen explained or even guessed at, there comes a point as it nears the coast where it suddenly ceases to be.

No sand has blown over it. It runs through no marshes; the land is firm and fertile. Why should that, the most important section of the great road which led northward from Rome, have failed, and have failed so recently, in the history of man? Where this great road crosses streams and might reasonably be lost, at its *pontes*, its bridges, it has remained, and is of such importance as to have given a name to a whole countryside—Ponthieu. But north of that it is gone.

Nearly every Roman road of Gaul and Britain presents something of the same puzzle in some parts of its course. It will run clear and followable enough, or form a modern highway for mile upon mile, and then not at a marsh where one would expect its disappearance, nor in some desolate place where it might have fallen out of use, but in the neighbourhood of a great city and at the very chief of its purpose, it is gone. It is so with the Stane-street that led up from the garrison of Chichester and linked it with the garrison of London. You can reconstruct it almost to a yard until you reach Epsom Downs. There you find it pointing to London Bridge, and remaining as clear as in any other part of its course: much clearer than in most other sections. But try to follow it on from Epsom Racecourse, and you entirely fail. The soil is the same; the conditions of that soil are excellent for its retention; but a year's work has taught me that there is no reconstructing it save by hypothesis and guesswork from this point to the crossing of the Thames.

What happened to all that mass of local documents whereby we ought to be able to build up the territorial scheme and the landed régime of old France? Much remains, if you will, in the shape of chance charters and family papers. Even in the archives of Paris you can get enough to whet your curiosity. But not even in one narrow district can you obtain enough to reconstruct the whole truth. There is not a scholar in Europe who can tell you exactly how land was owned and held, even, let us say, on the estates of Rheims or by the family of Condé. And men are ready to quarrel as to how many peasants owned and how much of their present ownership was due to the Revolution, evidence has already become so wholly imperfect in that tiny stretch of historical time.

But, after all, perhaps one ought not to wonder too much that material things should thus capriciously vanish. Time, which has secured Timgad so that it looks like an unroofed city of yesterday, has swept and razed Laimboesis. The two towns were neighbours—one was taken and the other left—and there is no sort of reason any man can give for it. Perhaps one ought not too much to wonder, for a greater wonder still is the sudden evaporation and loss of the great movements of the human soul. That what our ancestors passionately believed or passionately disputed should, by their descendants in one generation or in two, become meaningless, absurd, or false—this is the greatest marvel and the greatest tragedy of all.

THE THACKERAY EXHIBITION AT THE CHARTERHOUSE

THIS being the Thackeray Centenary, nothing more adequate could well have been thought of than an exhibition in which a variety of matter could be displayed with Thackeray as its centre of interest. Certainly a visit to the Charterhouse is more than worth while at the moment. There is, for example, to be seen that perennial source of interest to the enthusiast, whether for or against Thackeray, manuscripts in which the evidence of his genius shines clearly and radiantly to the eye of the lover, and in which the eye of the scornful can discover what it will. For in a day of machines and typewriters and dictaphones we are unfortunately losing that intimate acquaintance with human nature and human character that handwriting alone can supply. Not only are there manuscripts, however. There are sketches and drawings, wrought by the same hand which achieved the cadence of sentence, which are doubly graphic, inasmuch as they give us their author's own pictorial conception of his characters. He had sometimes a quite vivid sense of beauty in curve and outline. A chief matter of interest, however, are the various portraits and busts of Thackeray, noteworthy among them being a water-colour copy of an 1835 miniature, which Mr. Pierpont Morgan has had done for this exhibition, and which, we understand, he has presented to Mr. W. J. Williams. In fact a considerable portion of this exhibition, which is more than well worth while a visit, owes its success to the zeal and industry of Mr. Williams.

LITERATURE AND MORALITY

THE relationship of literature and morality has for long been a vexed question which it appears to be wellnigh impossible to settle. The present essay does not profess to solve the problem, but seeks rather to indicate the lines along which clearer thought of the whole matter may be attained.

It will be necessary to indicate somewhat precisely what is included in the term "literature." Professedly didactic works are of course excluded by their very nature. What we are anxious more especially to deal with is that great borderland in which may be found many writings capable of exerting profound moral influence without being directly ethical in aim or intention. In this debatable realm are to be noted the great mass of fiction of which our age is so prolific, with much modern verse, and a good many of the essays that appear in the periodicals of to-day. The principal controversialists in this debate can be roughly divided into two classes—those, on the one hand, who deny all moral function to literature, the school of "*l'art pour l'art*"; and those, on the other hand, who advocate the novel with a purpose and similar literature. No doubt there are few in England, at any rate, who would take up an extremist position in the first class, though scarcely the same thing could be said of France, where artistic congruity is chiefly aimed at. Of the second class it is to be said that its devotees are not so numerous nor so fervid as they were in the almost oppressively moral period of the mid-Victorian era. Many old-fashioned people who survive from that period must experience pain at the increasingly flippant tone of much modern literature, and must wish that many whose artistic gifts are supreme would spend those gifts on topics less decadent. Many of the writers of to-day seem almost atrophied in their moral sense. What are the causes that

underlie this tendency, which may be described as not so much immoral as non-moral?

Chief among them may be placed the growth of the scientific spirit, which aims at that absolute lack of bias so necessary for scientific inquiry. Such a spirit of entire impartiality is doubtless not completely attainable, human nature being what it is. This tendency towards the unbiassed has infected the artistic temperament. No one can read the unimpassioned description of types of character which abound in modern fiction without feeling that to the writer these types are so many specimens for curious inquiry, but that they can never be the objects of either his enthusiasm or his compassion. There is much that is akin to vivisection in the novel of to-day—a certain heartlessness of description and a studied coldness of tone. Who that has read them can forget the glittering cruelties of John Oliver Hobbes' earlier works? Such writers rarely seem to be in love with their characters. There is a curious and icy detachment about their point of view which *may* be artistic, but is scarcely human. All this seems to be an outgrowth of that scientific spirit which is as far as possible a pure intellectualism and devoid of all emotion. Such an attitude is especially notable in the works of Mr. H. G. Wells, who is, of course, himself a scientist; to him men and women seem chiefly so many curious and beautiful specimens to be patiently observed, accurately described, and carefully classified. Many of the characters in Ibsen's prose dramas seem delineated in this coldly calculating fashion. Where this spirit prevails in a writer, and pervades his work, morality never enters save as a secondary consideration.

Another cause for the non-morality of much modern literature is to be found in the increased sense of artistic congruity and fitness shown by most present-day authors. One reads of Garrick playing Macbeth in Georgian costume and full-bottomed wig, and thrilling his audience even under such unfavourable circumstances. That was a triumph indeed; but it indicates the lack of this sense of artistic fitness which we are now considering. Another illustration might be found in the paintings of the Early Italian Schools, which depicted Scripture events and persons in the circumstances and costumes of contemporary mediævalism. Such conceptions are rendered impossible to-day not only by their artistic incongruity, but also by the growth of the historical sense. The painter of historic subjects is to-day an archaeologist as well as an artist; the same thing is also practically true of the writer of historical fiction. We are afraid of perpetrating an anachronism or of blundering in our facts. There must be no discords in the harmony of our narrative. The increase of this spirit is doubtless largely due to the intensely critical atmosphere of our age; and here it may be remarked that a period of criticism like the present rarely produces works of first-rate importance. The masterpieces of literature are produced in periods when the positive and the joyous are in the ascendency as against the calculating and critical. The sense of the artistically appropriate prevents also the personal views of the author from ever appearing. There is no wedging-in of moral reflections or disquisitions into the story. The utmost we get is a stinging epigram or a neatly turned aphorism. The modern novelist usually tells a plain tale. He has no interest in the moral welfare of his readers. To him it would seem that a question of taste is of far more importance than a matter of ethics. All this is the result, directly or indirectly, of that "art for art's sake" creed to which reference has already been made.

A profoundly modifying influence in modern literature is that which springs from our new knowledge of man's nature through psychology. Before the advent of this knowledge the colours were more distinct, the boundary lines more clearly marked in the inner life of man, and the whole of

that life was the subject of an easy dogmatism. The mental faculties were all neatly parcelled-up and labelled. Men believed that intellect and emotion were separable entities, and that the one could be exercised without affecting the other. Reason, passion, judgment, and curiosity were all plainly mapped out in the older mental science; thus the dramatists and novelists of that time created distinct types, each ruled by one or other of these faculties or emotions. But now the boundaries are all down, the distinctions seem almost removed in that inner realm. The colours melt into one another like rainbow hues; instead of a dividing line there is a "fringe" of consciousness, as the psychologist calls it. Most modern photographers do not value chiefly clearness of outline and perfectly defined detail; they strive after "soft" effects and abhor hardness of detail. The differing shades of the picture must melt into one another, not change abruptly. In like manner, with the coming of the psychologist, has our view of the inner world of man's life been changed. Reason cannot be exercised without emotion, nor can emotion hold supreme sway without some modifying influx from reason. The two merge imperceptibly into each other, so that no one can set an absolute boundary to either. This conception of man is infinitely more complex than the older view, and hence it becomes correspondingly harder to chronicle it. The villain of literature to-day is not completely villainous, nor is the hero entirely heroic. Indeed, some modern novels have neither hero nor villain in the old sense of the words, but only persons slightly differentiated from each other by a minute superiority or an infinitesimal evil. The old well-marked types have practically gone. Instead of them we have subtle blendings, delicate gradations of colour—bad characters with admirable traits, good characters with some fatal flaw. No doubt in all this there is a greater regard for the probabilities of actual life, but one longs at times for a clean, straight, plain, outspoken character, without subtlety and without guile. Many of these novelists and writers seem to imagine that because the inner life of man lacks determinateness and definition, so the ethics of life have become a subtly blended mass—a sort of spiritual cloudland, having neither foreground nor horizon. No doubt morals are more complex and interfused than our fathers imagined, but there are certain great regulative facts which must for ever be clearly defined.

It is perhaps well that in these days there seems to be a stronger sense of the homogeneity of life and morals. Novels might conveniently be divided into two great classes, novels of character and novels of action. The perfect novel would, we might suppose, be a perfect blend of these two classes. Character would be convincingly delineated without the novel's becoming purely psychological, and without robbing it of that vitality of action often so sadly lacking in the novel of character. Perhaps it is too much to expect that this ideal will ever be completely achieved, bearing in mind the frailty of our mortality, but there seems to be a distinct move in this direction. Anyhow, in real life action and character are indubitably intertwined, even as life and morals are one in the great complex of human existence. When our novelists can grasp this more fully they may be able to work out their artistic and ethical salvation. We should then be spared the dreary puppets of the novel with a purpose on the one hand and the shadowy personalities of the psychological novel on the other. The moral is always unmistakable in real life for him who has the eye to see it. It would seem that the artistic temperament is often blind to this particular aspect of life. This, indeed, seems to be the snare of the one who pursues after beauty and artistic congruity. Any true presentation of life by one of balanced artistic temperament will point its own moral with sufficient clearness.

W. D.

THE MAGAZINES

THE most noteworthy feature in the magazines this month must needs be the reply by Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the *English Review*, to Mr. St. Loe Strachey's now famous attack in the *Spectator*. In our editorial attention has already been drawn to this, and therefore it will not be necessary to devote much space to it. It is necessary to say, however, that the line of defence that Mr. Harrison has seen fit to adopt is one so triumphant that it pours complete ridicule on the initial attack. Perhaps, indeed, a reply was scarcely necessary, for the whole Press rose so unanimously in protest against, not alone against the *Spectator*'s unhappy prudery, but the violent and unseemly terms in which it was conveyed, that this was in itself the best and most effective reply that could have been desired. Having wished to reply, however, Mr. Harrison could not have done so with better dignity than by giving his list of those who have been responsible for the "garbage dumped upon the nation's doorstep." The indiscrimination in the choice of names only abets the dignity; and Mr. Harrison would almost have been wiser not to have appended any words of his own to them.

In the same magazine Miss May Sinclair has a lengthy story entitled "The Intercessor." It is a powerful and extraordinary tale, but, despite its prodigious length from the standpoint of a magazine, it more than justifies its place. There are other tales by Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Herbert Shaw. In his article "Substance in Poetry" Mr. J. M. Robertson has made considerable progress on his article last month entitled "Form in Poetry." It is nevertheless perplexing to see him irked by the attempt to place the sanction of poetry, as distinguished from the particular manner in which that sanction may be delivered. Partly the reason is, of course, that Mr. Robertson, from his ethical standpoint, is in war against supernatural sanctions. For an illustration of our meaning we may perhaps say that Mr. Robertson's article is not a short one; yet it never once gets to grips with the thing he is after, but cannot see; whereas Shelley in one sentence struck the very centre of the question, and illuminated the whole matter when he said that "Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." The substance of poetry is in truth divinity, and if, for example, we are fascinated by the *macabre*, it is because we see there divinity in distortion and revolt, which is what we mean when we speak of diabolic beauty in Beardsley's work. It is strange to note how frequently Mr. Robertson comes near to this without seeing or saying it. Mr. Abinger has an article on "The Police and the Public," which arouses more expectations than it fulfils. Its chief burden seems to be an attempt to allay that public disquiet which he himself aroused in the late Stinie Morrison case; and we wonder why. Mr. Darrell Figgis has an article which he entitles "Falstaff's Nose." Taking his argument from little-known biographical documents, he seeks to disprove Dr. Theobald's famous emendation of Falstaff's dying words. We prefer Mr. Figgis in his more purely critical work. Still, he certainly seems to prove his point.

In the *Nineteenth Century* there are two exceedingly interesting articles of literary importance. Priority goes to Mr. Herbert Jenkins' identification of the place of William Blake's grave. For ourselves we do not think that the localisation of tombs is any necessary philippic to the study of literature. As we read Mr. Jenkins' article we could not help passing in mental review the sight of the men we saw attending Milton's Tercentenary Celebration, most of whom had probably only managed once or twice to struggle through some fifty lines of "Paradise Lost." The

perpetual memory of Blake is in the minds of those who read and love him. But on the lower fields of record there seems very little doubt that Mr. Jenkins has indeed identified the location of Blake's grave in the famous "Nonconformist God's Acre" of Bunhill Fields, Robert Southey's "Campo Santo"! And since our other poets have not wanted good headstones in the place of good love and earnest reading, we hope Blake will not do so. The other article is "Elizabethan Drama in the Making" by Sir Edward Sullivan. Its subject is that strange document, so replete with unhappy indications of its author's character, and yet withal so indispensable to all students of Elizabethan Drama, "Henslow's Diary," in its recent edition under the hand of Walter W. Greg. In one or two points Sir Edward Sullivan makes some perplexing errors; as, for instance, his suggestion that Edward Alleyn retired from acting so as to take "a more active partnership with his father-in-law (Henslowe) in the business of theatre proprietor and stage manager." As a point of fact the Diary itself shows quite clearly that Alleyn was always responsible for the directorship of the company that was first under Lord Derby's patronage, and latterly vowed fealty to the Lord Admiral; and his retirement was probably to his wife's estates in Sussex. Nevertheless it draws attention admirably to a somewhat neglected source of information. In view of the present situation in Morocco, accentuated by Germany's latest move, it is exceedingly interesting to read an article by Sir Harry Johnstone on "France in North Africa." An informative article is by Mr. Arthur Robertson on "The Railways of India;" and Mr. Arthur Herbert discusses "Count de Gobineau's Ethnological Theory," a theory, among many, that seeks to establish racial inequality in terms of colour.

The *Fortnightly Review* has not much this month of distinctive merit. It has established the habit of being exceptionally topical, and frequently this is achieved at the expense of real interest. Articles, for instance, such as "Diaz: the Maker of Modern Mexico," or "The Investiture of the Prince of Wales," or "New Imperial Burden-Bearers," or even "The Real Barry Lyndon," fail to strike a very quick interest, altogether apart from the fact that they seem very obviously to be journalistic exercises written round certain specified subjects by writers who have nothing particular to say in them, and who worked up their subject for the occasion. Of quite a different character is Mr. Ernest Newman's equally topical article on "Wagner and his Autobiography." As a writer on Wagner's music Mr. Newman is well known; indeed it might be said that his book (though, unhappily, out of print) is the English classic on the subject. Therefore it is all the more interesting to hear him on the Autobiography. Unfortunately it is true that the Autobiography has been to many of us the destruction of a dream. It is good, of course, to know the truth; but is it good to have "Tristan and Isolde" spoilt for us, and by no less a person than its author? In "Acceptances" Mr. Alfred Noyes seeks to say a thing that has our very hearty sympathy, though he often annoys us by his incoherence and petulance. Yet it is admirable, however it be done, to have a man cry a halt to those who expectorate vilely on the holy things of life.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* the chief article is one by Mr. Havelock Ellis, entitled "The War Against War." Its title explains its scope, and it is characterised by all that well-known writer's perspicuity of thought and style, though we hold ourselves aloof from his assumption that the instinct for war is necessarily unwholesome and undesirable. Ruskin's essay on this subject is, among other things, too apt to be neglected. Mr. Ching-Chun Wang is full of interest in his article on "The Abolition of the Queue."

We have neglected dealing with the *Cornhill Magazine*

because it is a Thackeray Centenary number, and next week some space will be devoted to the Thackeray Centenary, into which this will adequately fall. Its chief interest is the lately discovered "Cockney Travels," to which fit appendages are found in "Thackeray and his Father's Family," by Mrs. Warne Cornish, and "Sylhet Thackeray," by F. B. Bradley-Birt.

The third number of *The Moslem World*, a new review, issued quarterly, maintains the high standard of merit with which it commenced. It is published for the Nile Mission Press by the Christian Literary Society for India, established in London. The editor's address is Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf. It is an outcome of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, and purports to be not a magazine of controversy, much less of compromise. It is avowedly missionary. The editors hope to interpret Islam in all its varied aspects, ancient and modern, and in its deepest needs, ethical and spiritual, to Christians; to point out and press home the true solution of the Moslem problem—namely, the Evangelisation of Moslems; to awaken sympathy, love, and prayer on behalf of the Moslem world. The twelve articles cover a wide field, dealing with Islam in Constantinople, Malaysia (with an excellent map), Morocco, Nigeria, besides literary papers and a survey of recent periodical Literature and Islam. The vitality of Mohammedanism and of missionary efforts is clearly manifested. The review will appeal to all concerned in Mission work and interest many others.

BELIEF AND CONDUCT

"But, after all, it doesn't matter what a man believes or doesn't believe; the only thing that's of any consequence is what he does. 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,' you know what Pope said."

I suppose we have all heard this sentence, or something very like this sentence. Or, if we have not heard it, it must be because the principle which it expresses is so widely received that the proposition has become a truism; everybody is so sure that it does not matter a pin's head what a man believes that it is no longer necessary to keep on saying so; the phrase would be treated as a sort of "Mr. F.'s Aunt" commonplace, a variant of her great discovery that there are milestones on the Dover-road. In short, unless we are utter reactionaries, in which case what we say is of no consequence, we are all quite sure that beliefs do not matter. We all know how ridiculous the opposite opinion has long been considered; the climax of absurdity is supposed to have been reached in those early Christian disputes which raged round οὐοισθεὶς and οὐούσιος: there were once people so silly that they made the question of one diphthong rather than another an affair of importance. This diphthong business, as I say, is supposed to indicate the very depth of bigoted and insane folly; though, by the way, there is only the difference of two letters and a comma between "I did" and "I didn't." And one can imagine very considerable issues, even issues of life and death, hanging upon that trifling in the witness-box and in the judgment-seat of the Old Bailey.

But the doctrine that belief and beliefs are of no consequence has been long regarded as axiomatic; and yet, if we examine it, this dogma, like other dogmas, seems to be a little strange to the natural man, to the unregenerate being who has not been purged of his errors at the founts of Liberal thought, who has not been initiated in the sublime mysteries of Modernism. For, if we accept the "belief of no consequence, action of every consequence" ruling in its entirety, we cannot help inquiring as to what are the sources of action; we are forced by our very nature to ask, "Why

does A do this, and B do that?" "Why does Jones go to Marienbad, and Smith to Inverness?" "Why does X smoke cigarettes, and Y a pipe?" When we say that a man does so-and-so we at once lay ourselves open to the question, Why does he do so-and-so? It is not to be avoided. And the answer will have to be that he does this and not that because he believes that this and not that will be the more pleasurable or more beneficial or more righteous. The nature of the reason does not matter to the argument; the point is that there must be a reason. Or if there is a man who acts without any reason, we say that such an one is "irrational;" we put him out of court, we class him somewhere below thistledown and autumn leaves. If a man were asked, "Why did you cut off your horse's head and give it to the pigs?" and answered, "Honestly, I haven't the remotest idea why I performed the act you mention," he would be set down as a madman.

Putting the lunatic asylum on one side, then, every action proceeds from a reason or set of reasons—otherwise beliefs. "I notice you don't speak to A," one man will say to another; "why not?" "Because I believe him to be a treacherous scoundrel, a Papist in disguise, a Mormon missionary." Again the reason does not matter, but there must be some reason, some belief on which the action or avoidance of action is founded. And this being so, how can it possibly be true that what a man believes does not matter? Note that beliefs vary in nature: you may say, "I don't care to associate with the fellow because I saw him cheat at cards, and happen to have read his conviction for a peculiarly detestable crime." There you have a belief founded on logical process. Or your wife may say, "I don't like him because I hate the sight of him;" which is an intuitive process. But in either case there is mental conviction, or belief, as the antecedent to action. You may be right in your belief or wrong in your belief; it may be logical, or super-logical, or infralogical; but belief of some kind or another there must be before you cross the room, or light the fire, or knock a man down; and this being the case, it is surely the height of absurdity to say that while deeds matter, beliefs do not matter. To maintain such a doctrine is equivalent to discharging the man who pulled the trigger without a stain on his character, while you condemn the bullet to be hanged by the neck until it is dead. Clearly, the "beliefs don't matter" doctrine is a declaration that thought is of no consequence; it is an affirmation that the universe, men included, is wholly physical, from which mind and the action of mind is to be excluded. And the odd thing is that this apparent absurdity and falsity is often or always maintained by the disciples of what is called "Free Thought." These people say in effect: "What people think isn't of the faintest consequence, and therefore there is nothing so precious or so necessary as free thought." One may carry the principle all through the scale of things, and maintain analogously that a tiger's savagery is of no consequence, though his teeth and claws are of every consequence; even that cell-formation in a seed is immaterial, the only important things being oaks and daisies.

Theoretically, then, the "truism" of the first paragraph of this article is contradictory nonsense; practically it needs but little skill in history to show its rank absurdity. Torquemada believed that it was his duty to burn heretics, so he burned them; the Puritans believed that it was their duty to hang Quakers, so they hanged them; Robespierre believed that aristocrats and people who differed from him should be guillotined, and consequently he guillotined them. In each of these cases the beliefs of the persons named were very evidently of the greatest importance. And if it be objected that these beliefs were all practical in their nature, and that it is the mere theoretical belief that is insignificant,

it is to be answered that it is impossible to draw any such line of distinction; that a position which is apparently pure theory may at any moment resolve itself into hard practice. The French Revolution began with the most abstract and remote theories about Nature and man—resolutions, as it were, *in vacuo*—and these pale benevolent abstractions soon translated themselves into red scaffolds and red battlefields and action in its acutest forms. Let us say, if we will, that the beliefs of eighteenth-century Deism were right, and the creeds of Catholic Christendom are wrong; there is something, though not very much, to be said for such a position as that. But there is nothing at all to be said for the position that the beliefs of Deists and the creeds of Catholics are of no consequence.

These remarks on an untrue truism have been suggested by a very striking citation in a very striking book: "The Superstition called Socialism," by Mr. G. W. de Tunzelmann.*

The passage quoted is from Mr. Robert Blatchford's "Not Guilty," and runs as follows:—

A tramp has murdered a child on the highway, has robbed her of a few coppers, and has thrown her body into a ditch.

Do you mean to say that tramp could not help doing that? Do you mean to say that he is not to blame? Do you mean to say he is not to be punished?

Yes, I say all those things.

Here, it seems to me, we get to the root of the matter. Is this belief of Mr. Blatchford as to the immunity which, he thinks, ought to be enjoyed by a filthy and murderous scoundrel of no consequence? Let us ask the question of the father and mother of that "child on the highway."

The whole case lies in a nutshell. Mr. Blatchford says that his ruffian should not be punished for his action; presumably Mr. Blatchford, as a practical man, will do his best to get the laws of England altered, so that the tramp may go on his merry way singing—outraging, raping, robbing, murdering as he will, and when he will. And are we to say then that what Mr. Blatchford believes does not matter?

It is a pretty conclusion, is it not, to the liberal thought, to the advanced thought of the past few centuries? It is a fair fruit indeed to be gathered from that freethinking tree that has flourished so long and so bravely. With what specious arguments, with what clear and self-evident reasonings did the apostles of freedom, the enemies of creeds and constraints begin their great mission. We have all heard their brave appeals to trust the people, to believe in human nature, to tear away the veils that priests had woven from our eyes, to look at the world and find it very good. Rabelais said that "do as you please" was the motto by which men might be ruled. Think of all the long and splendid array of arguments: Blessed Reformers, stern Puritans, zealous Whigs, fervent Radicals, red-hot believers in Nature and the Rights of Man, Socialists bubbling over with zeal for poor oppressed humanity; all the host of those who rob Peter to pay Paul, and hope to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall chant to us their great hymn of the race of men liberated from oppression, and going on its sweet and holy way with mirth and gladness. And at the end comes this grand triumphant *ergo*: the crooked shall be straight and the rough places plain, the wilderness shall blossom like the rose, there shall be pools of water in the dry places, and the wandering tramp shall rape and kill and rob upon the People's Holy Mountain.

We have set out to plant a New Heaven on a New Earth, and we have adumbrated a society from which the most bestial savage would fly in horror.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

* George Allen. 5s net.

THE OLYMPIA FLOWER-SHOW, 1911

OLYMPIA and Holland House are as different as chalk from cheese, and at this year's Summer Flower-show one naturally missed the charming surroundings of the latter. However, in our uncertain climate, there is a good deal to be said for holding the show in a place where one can at least keep dry.

It is impossible, having regard to the vastness of the exhibits and the number of exhibitors, to do more than give a few general impressions. Roses, of course, bulked very largely, and were staged in excellent condition. Sweet-peas were also prominent, and received considerable attention. The newer shades of orange and scarlet were especially attractive. Amongst many capital exhibits that of Messrs. Sutton and Sons was greatly admired for its tasteful arrangement. Every conceivable variety of delphinium was to be seen, but, unfortunately, increased vigour does not appear to connote increased beauty, and many of the newer doubles are distinctly coarse. Mr. Amos Perry, the well-known specialist in these flowers, had two immense groups upon either side of the main entrance. Speaking generally, the quality of the hardy flowers displayed was good. A novelty in the way of arrangement was Messrs. Wallace's terrace-garden, with painted background and herbaceous borders. Messrs. Hobbies had a nice little rose garden, but, speaking for ourselves, we do not commend the use of wire or iron arches for climbing-roses. Wooden pergolas, examples of which were to be seen in many parts of the hall, are, to our mind, both artistically and horticulturally preferable.

There were many fine groups of carnations; no flowers can be staged more attractively. We were also struck with the excellence of Messrs. Gunn's phloxes. Rock-gardening was to the fore, as usual, and a careful observer had an opportunity of seeing some of the choicest Alpines. Two magnificent lots of ferns were displayed by Messrs. May and Hill respectively, and their delightful cool greenery suggested a freer use by exhibitors generally of some sort of living foil. Mere masses of gorgeous colour are apt to become oppressive after half an hour's survey, and spoil the eye for daintier beauties. One of the finest features of the exhibition was the beautifully executed Japanese garden of Messrs. Carter and Company. This type of garden is fraught with delightful possibilities for those whose space is limited but whose purse is long.

As is customary at this Show, there was a large collection of horticultural sundries on view in the side galleries.

RAYMOND E. NEGUS.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

If Beaconsfield were alive and in power to-day Germany would doubtless be given forty-eight hours' notice to quit the roadstead of Agadir. The moment is certainly one that calls for prompt and decisive action. Above all it is a moment when the circumstances are peculiarly favourable to a triumph for British diplomacy, providing always there be no faltering. The Government have given a solemn assurance to the nation, and have again and again repeated this solemn assurance, that the British Fleet is supreme and unchallengeable. Naval experts present on the recent occasion of the memorable Coronation Review unanimously endorsed this verdict. Despatches from Paris make it clear that France is leaning upon Great Britain. If we declare

for strong action our partner in the *Entente Cordiale* will be willing to go hand-in-hand with us. The attitude of Russia is plainly defined in the comments of the officially inspired Press. Thus, for example, the *Novoe Vremya* bluntly declares that a Power acting as Germany has done excludes herself from the society of nations; while the *Bourse Gazette* strenuously urges that neither Russia nor England can permit Germany to arrogate to herself the right to decide the fate of the Moroccan question.

Without exaggeration it may be said that the whole world waits on the word of England. Apparently both Russia and France are prepared to follow our lead. It remains for us to revitalise the Triple *Entente*, and through its means to administer to Germany such a rebuff as will once and for all convey to her the knowledge that we stand for the sacredness of the given word and for the common amenities of nations. Let there be no fear on this score. Germany does not want to fight; she is not prepared to go to war with the three Powers of the Triple *Entente*. And finally the diplomatic situation throughout the world was never more unfavourable to her policy than it is at the present moment. Geographically it is a far cry from Northern Africa to the Middle East, but it is manifest throughout the Chancelleries of Europe that Albania and Morocco are, for the time being, very closely associated with each other. Germany, desirous of maintaining her self-imposed rôle as Turkey's only friend among the Powers, has refused to lend countenance to the protest of her ally, Austria-Hungary, concerning the harsh methods employed by the Turks in suppressing the Albanian revolt. In this circumstance it is not difficult to account for the marked coolness existing between Germany and the Dual Monarchy over the Moroccan affair. Before deciding to send a gunboat to Agadir, Berlin did not sound the Vienna Government with a view to gaining its diplomatic support, and the inspired statements of Foreign Office organs render it apparent that had there been any overtures of this kind from the Wilhelmstrasse, they would have been none too well received. The latest announcement that Russia, Austria, and Italy have arrived at a common agreement in regard to the Albanian situation, and that concerted intervention at Constantinople on behalf of the insurgents may be looked for, will cause not a little heartburning in Berlin. Plainly stated, the position of Germany at the present moment is an unenviable one. In the Middle East she stands as the champion of tottering Turkey and the apologist of Turkey's barbarism; while ranged against her on behalf of humanity and Christianity are all the Powers, including, let it be emphasised, her two partners in the Triple Alliance.

And, in spite of bombastic fanfares of her Press, we find on calm survey that her action in Morocco has only tended to add to her discomfort. The Powers of the Triple *Entente* are solidly arrayed against her. Austria and Italy, far from being enthusiastic in her cause as good and faithful allies should be, are distinctly lukewarm in their attitudes. Neither of these Powers possesses any interests worth fighting for in the Shereefian Empire, and they could only give support to Germany's actions on the condition that they received ample compensation elsewhere. Here again we find that Germany is ill-placed and unhappy. For the Balkans are the only part of the world where Austria and Italy could reasonably hope to gain a *quid pro quo*, and, in regard to the Balkans, Germany is already committed to maintaining the *status quo* by virtue of her friendship, or—to speak with a greater degree of accuracy—her commercial and financial arrangements, with the Ottoman Empire. Germany at present is therefore isolated. Surely the moment has arrived for checkmating finally the policy of calculated effrontery which she has pursued during the last twenty years. Who can forget the

Kaiser's congratulatory wire to President Kruger; the occupation of Kiao-chau, which threatened the partition of China, and was one of the principal causes contributory to the Boxer rising; the memorable *Daily Telegraph* interview; the sabre-rattling in support of Austria-Hungary during the Boznia-Herzegovina crisis; the sudden descent of the Kaiser upon Tangier which preceded the Algeciras Conference; the futile attempt at Potsdam to drive a wedge in the Triple *Entente*; and finally the bolstering up of Turkey at the expense of the oppressed Albanians? On former occasions our partners in the Triple *Entente*, Russia and France, have invited us to join them in vigorous action against the cynical aggression of Germany. We did not feel, however, that the annexation of Boznia and Herzegovina directly affected our vital interests, and as soon as Germany declared herself to be on the side of Austria we gave way. Over Morocco we struck a bargain with France, our share of the spoils consisting of a free hand in Egypt. Consequently our interests in the Shereefian Empire ceased to be territorial in aim and remained purely commercial in character. It is easy to imagine that, without good cause, a war in connection with Morocco—one, moreover, solely in support of France—would not be popular among the masses of this country. But the high-handed action of Germany has completely changed the situation. If she is allowed to retain Agadir she will possess a coaling station in the Atlantic. A naval base of such strategic location—"round the corner," as it were, from Gibraltar—would completely upset our existing scheme of world strategy.

As a consequence of her latest arrangement with Turkey in connection with the Baghdad Railway, Germany has already secured an outlet in the Mediterranean, and as she now seeks permanently to occupy an Atlantic harbour on the Moroccan coast, surely the day has passed when she can any longer mask her fixed intention to challenge one day British sea supremacy. At last an occasion has arisen which gives the partners of the Triple *Entente* common ground, an occasion when, in other words, a strong and successful protest to Germany will benefit not merely one, but all three, partners. Indications point to the fact that Germany herself is conscious of the weakness of her diplomatic position. While her Press is persuading itself that the Government has acted with courageous initiative, a distinct note of nervousness is evident in the stage-management of the whole incident. The first semi-official announcement declared that the despatch of the gunboat *Panther* to Agadir was merely "a first measure," and reports crept into the inspired Press of the possibility of the landing of troops and an occupation of the hinterland. Apart from the very serious considerations arising from the Balkan situation, the moment of the *coup d'état* was in other respects well chosen. A change of Government had only just taken place in France; and, moreover, the President, accompanied by the newly-appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, was about to pay a visit to Holland—an undertaking which could not be otherwise than distasteful to Germany. Fortunately, however, the French Government have maintained a calm that is positively disconcerting to Berlin. The Minister of Foreign Affairs plainly gave the German Ambassador to understand that his communication was distasteful, and after a further conversation with him at a garden-party, left with the President for Holland. At the same time it was announced from Berlin that "the Emperor William is leaving shortly for his cruise in Northern waters, that the Imperial Chancellor is staying at his country seat, and that the Foreign Secretary is likewise absent from Berlin;" while a Madrid correspondent telegraphed that the facts that Señor Canalejas, the Premier, has left town for Otero, that King Alfonso has not thought fit to suspend his

shooting-party at Gredos, and that Señor Garcia Prieto, Minister of Foreign Affairs, passed the week-end in the country, induce me to believe that the news has not caused a grave impression in official circles." While London, Paris, and St. Petersburg are conducting an interchange of views Germany has decided to replace the gunboat at Agadir by a cruiser, and has issued an official version of the incident, timorously declaring that "the ship will leave the harbour as soon as peace and order in Morocco are restored." There will be no war, for the simple reason that England does not to-day possess a Beaconsfield. And Germany knows full well that her dramatic intrusion in the affairs of Morocco will not be regarded as *casus belli*, because although realising that her own diplomatic position in the world is weak, and therefore acting with some show of caution, she has not been slow to gauge the growth of the peace-at-any-price movement in Great Britain. As a matter of course she will be asked for assurances that it is not her intention permanently to occupy Agadir. And these assurances she will readily give. There the incident will end.

THE AMERICANISATION OF CANADA

FOR a good many years past it has been the custom to bring within the range of serious discussion the possibility or otherwise of Canada's ultimate absorption by the United States. It has been pointed out that there is a natural tendency among the communities of the British Dominion to become more and more receptive to American influences, and that this natural tendency has latterly developed a very positive form of imitation. Not altogether unreasonably is the conclusion drawn that agencies far beyond human control are slowly but surely bringing about the irreversible marriage of two States and of two peoples. But, unhappily for those who favour the annexation or assimilation theory, there is the undisputed fact of Canada's growing nationalism, a phenomenon which has recently been discussed in the pages of *United Empire*, the official organ of the Royal Colonial Institute. Writing in that journal on the Americanisation of Canada, Mr. Harry S. Gullett, himself an Australian, has some very pertinent and wholly sane things to say in contradiction of the old arguments. "You spend weeks and months," he writes, "in the Western States of America which are in the closest touch with the new Canadian provinces, and in those provinces themselves, and never for a moment are you oppressed by the thought that Canada is becoming Americanised in the national sense. Those people who see, or pretend to see, omens of annexation or absorption miss the first principles of the relative positions of the two peoples."

In a quarter of a century Canada will smile at the thought of successful invasion and forceful absorption. And, if we except the force of arms, America has about the same chance of annexing Canada as Germany has of annexing America. It is conceivable that Canada will one day become an independent Republic on the closest of alliance terms with the United States; it is not conceivable that she will become a subordinate part of the Republic of America."

MOTORING

THE great and rapidly-growing inconvenience resulting from the congestion of traffic on the principal London thoroughfares must have forced itself upon the attention of every one who has occasion to get about in the Metropolis, and most people will have wondered what the end of it is to be. Apart from the irritating delays constantly met with by all who utilise the taxi or the motor-bus as their ordinary means of transit, the actual loss entailed upon the carrying companies by the frequent "holdings up" must be incalculable. Of

course the trouble is essentially due to the mixing up of slow horse-drawn traffic with that of the faster motor, and the real remedy will, no doubt, be ultimately found in the total prohibition of the former on the streets of the Metropolis. Apparently the time for this drastic action is not yet ripe, but in the meantime something might be done to palliate the evil by passing a by-law making it compulsory for slow-moving vehicles to keep to the left (or near) side of the road, and it is gratifying to know that this is likely to be done in the near future—thanks largely to that invaluable institution the A.A. and M.U. For some time past the Secretary of the Association has been in communication with the Home Office and the L.C.C. on the subject, and he has now received a reply to the effect that a Committee of the Council has prepared a draft by-law on the lines indicated, and submitted it to the Home Secretary for his approval. This furnishes another instance of the vigilance and activity of the Automobile Association on behalf both of motorists and the general public.

To the county of Kent, which is already said to possess the best roads in the country, belongs the honour of being the one selected for the carrying out of the first thorough and scientifically organised experiments undertaken to find out the best and most dustless road-making materials and methods. Twenty-three sections of the road between Sidcup and New Eltham, each having a superficial measurement of 800 square yards, have been allotted by the Road Board and the Kent County Council to paving contractors for treatment, and each of the sections is to be subjected to a different process. The rival claims of a score or so of the numerous materials and methods of road-making and surface-treatment will therefore be submitted to a fair test of comparative merit for the first time. Each section will get the same amount and variety of traffic, and every three months the road under treatment—about two miles in all—will be inspected by the surveyors and the amount of wear on the respective sections carefully recorded for the information of the other road authorities in the kingdom. This method of ascertaining the best way to adapt the main roads of the country to the new conditions of traffic and locomotion is a sound and reasonable one, and motorists especially will feel gratified at the prospect of ultimately seeing something tangible for their money.

One of the motor vehicles which is securing a notable degree of popularity this season is the 18-22h.p. six-cylinder Belsize, which made its initial appearance about a couple of years ago and aroused considerable interest by its remarkably low price combined with its up-to-date specification. At that time it was generally assumed that the acquisition of a six-cylinder car, with its flexibility of engine and luxurious ease of running, necessarily involved an outlay of something approximating a thousand pounds; but the Belsize, with quite sufficient power for all ordinary purposes, was listed at under £400, and although improvements suggested by experience have since been embodied from time to time it has not been found necessary to increase that price. The writer is now informed by Mr. J. H. Adams, the able and popular manager of the Belsize Company in the South of England, that further material improvements have recently been made in the specification of the chassis. An additional speed, making four and reverse, with direct drive on top, has been provided, and worm-drive—which is increasing in popularity both amongst motorists and car manufacturers—can now be substituted for live-axle drive, at the option of the purchaser. These innovations will, no doubt, be appreciated by the admirers of the Belsize, and enhance its reputation a

little more.

The ideal six-cylinder for the motorist of moderate means—the representative of the class for which the North Country firm has always especially catered.

Motorists will be interested to learn that a new tyre, which makes somewhat sweeping claims to super-excellence in the matters of durability and resilience, has just made its appearance. It is called the "Victor," and emanates from the well-known Challenge Rubber Mills, of Eagle Wharf Road, London, N. Up to the present this firm has confined itself to specialising in the re-treading of tyres, in which it does one of the largest businesses in the country, and in the manufacture of various devices for protecting them from puncture and burst, and securing the longest possible service from them. The most notable of these devices is the Victor Vest, which has been aptly described as a new foundation for an old tyre. This is generally regarded as the most important factor in promoting tyre economy that has made its appearance up to date, and is now so well known that a detailed description is hardly necessary. But it may be said that it is an inner casing, made of Para rubber and specially-woven Egyptian cotton fabric, which completely lines and supports the inside of the cover. Its extended edges are carried over the beading and finish flush with the tyre-walls outside, so that it affords complete protection to the tube at every point, and also effectively reinforces the walls and bead of the cover. Another important point is that, although rendered immovable and friction-free by its attachment to the outside walls of the tyre, the Vest can be easily detached when the cover has been worn to its utmost limit and transferred to another cover. Its price, which ranges from £1 to £3, according to size, is very moderate in view of its practical utility, and there is no doubt that it adds materially to the longevity of any tyre, and enables motorists to secure many hundreds of miles of further running from tyres which would otherwise be relegated to the scrap-heap. If the new Victor tyre prove equally good it will soon be regarded as a formidable competitor by the recognised standard makers.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE gods evidently consider that it is good that the City should be disturbed at regular intervals. We had just recovered from the Coronation when the German Emperor flung down his challenge. The shock was unpleasant. But it did not last long. There is a great deal of common sense in the City, and most of us soon saw that the whole thing had been prearranged. This destroyed its virulence. No doubt the whole thing was timed to synchronise with the visit of the French President to Amsterdam—a polite reminder to the Dutch. Germany is a great nation with an expanding trade. She must be allowed room or she will explode. The disagreeable part of the business was the bear selling of Consols by insiders, who knew what was going to happen. I hope, some member of the House of Commons will ask a question upon this point. Leakage of official secrets is disgraceful, and speculation in advance still worse.

We have had a varied supply of new companies, most of which have been coldly received. Perhaps the worst was the Greek Loan, which was taken in Paris and neglected here. The Calico Printers, who have built a building, let it

to themselves, and sold it to the public, and guarantee the interest on both debentures and preference shares, issued the quaintest prospectus we have seen for long time. However, the Coats' people were behind it and would find the money, however the public might view the issue. The Mawchi Tin proposition did not appeal to any one. Boots' made a fresh issue of capital, and the present shareholders no doubt took all they were offered, for the business is well managed. Canadian issues come out almost daily, and the Canadian promoter appears to think that the English will go on finding money for over-capitalised companies. But the end is near.

CONSOLS have recovered a little from their heavy fall. A great many of the bears bought back when the German virus was made public. This proved very conclusively that they had gone short, expecting such news. The Birkbeck officially deny that they have sold any Consols. This also proves that the sales of the past fortnight must have been bear rates. If political people can make up their quarrels I should not be surprised to see a rise in Consols. They fell two points in one account—a serious matter at their present low level.

FOREIGNERS have been weak, and some of the Russian speculative securities more than weak. The St. Petersburg people have had a shock which I hope will give them a lesson. The Russian gamblers have bought far more than they can pay for. They declare that they will turn out the English board in Jena, and make it a purely Russian company. Tintos seem to have recovered quickly. The position here is strong both from the technical point of view and also on the copper side. Peru Prefs have been weak and wobbling. The latest returns are good, but there are many bulls still to unload.

HOME RAILS have had to endure various scares. The shipping strike was a nasty business, and the Coronation traffics showed a loss on seventeen lines of over £117,000—a serious drop. But the half-yearly figures are good all round, and even the conservative North-Eastern directors will have some difficulty in refusing to raise their dividend. But I understand that they consider 6 per cent. quite good enough. The stock at present prices is very cheap. Great Western's increased traffics will allow of a larger distribution than last July, and Lancashire and Yorkshire should also pay more. Brums are cheap in spite of the Coronation loss. All the Southern lines have done well, and South-Easterns might surprise us. But all the figures of the English lines are excellent, and none of the stocks are over-valued.

YANKEES are tabled higher by some of the London houses who have branches in New York, and it is now definitely stated that the Canadian Pacific have acquired the block of shares in the Erie that belonged to the Harriman estate. They are said to have done this under agreement with Morgans, and that they intend to obtain still larger interests. There has been some big buying of options in Eries to the end of the year. If the story be true, then both Eries and Canadian Pacifics must move up—though to an outsider the prices to-day look high. It may be remarked that the C.P.R. strenuously deny the story. During the slump last Monday, when Paris was selling Atchisons as hard as she could, American operators in London were buying. It would therefore seem that the Yankee gambler meant to make an autumn boom. Crop reports vary very much, but on the whole are good. Cotton is looking well, but here the future is also uncertain. Steels are a weak spot, but if the rest of the market rises they must also follow. Rocks are to be boomed, and if talk could give the Americans courage to buy we should see a huge rise. But a long experience of the Yankee Market leads the cynic to doubt mere talk and follow the money.

RUBBER is as dull as the Rubber Exhibition itself, and though the dealers did their best to mark up prices they soon desisted, for they found themselves putting shares on their books. This annoys a rubber-dealer, and he shuts up at the first sign of public selling. It is evident that we shall see a great reduction in dividends, and companies like Perak are acting wisely in conserving their cash and carrying

forward large sums. Had this been done in the boom all the plantations would have been in a splendid position today. But almost all the Malay companies divided up to the hilt and are quite unprepared to face a slump.

OIL SHARES have been weak, and it has been almost impossible to sell Maikop shares. Many people complain of the wide prices made and the difficulty in finding out the exact quotation. This is always the case in "one-man" markets. The oil market is composed of a congeries of jobbers, each of whom is willing to sell shares for his own shop but reluctant to buy back again. Shell, Spies, and one or two others are the exceptions. Red Seas, which should have risen on the news that the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum had at last agreed to exploit Gemsa, fell. The market thinks the deal over-capitalised.

KAFFIRS were sold from Paris, but recovered. They are too cheap to-day, and, good as the leaders are, I think no one should buy a mining share unless he can see a clear 10 per cent. after allowing for amortisation. Neither should any one buy Kaffirs that have short lives. The yields on these appear high, but purchasers always forget the life and see their mine gradually dying and the price gradually dwindling. The cheapest shares to-day appear to be Knights, Kleinfontein, Randfontein Central, and Village Deep.

RHODESIANS are being supported. No attempt is made to mark up prices, but the dealers keep things steady. The magnates are preparing for a boom, but it must not be forgotten that the Rhodesian mines are quartz properties, and of necessity patchy. Lonelys are high, but the mine looks well. Giants are trying to find the lost reef. If they succeed, the shares will rise, for the mine has now four years' ore in reserve.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Marconis are the only talk, and bulls here are vastly annoyed at the delay in issuing the report. I hope all my readers got out. Telephone deferred should not be sold. We may find that these shares are worth more than the dealers imagine. Mr. Delyannis, of Atlas Bank fame, is promoting the Mesopotamia Exploration.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"OUR CRITICISMS OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have noticed that lately your paper has contained very strong, in fact, *three-star* articles directed against our Home Secretary, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P. Am I right in assuming that the Cecil Cowper, or "C. C." who signs these articles, is the same person as the Cecil Cowper who is a magistrate for Surrey, and as such should, I presume, pay the utmost respect to the Home Secretary and his wishes, however lightly expressed? If so, some one is at fault—either the Home Secretary or the J.P.; which is it?—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A SHOCKED CITIZEN.

London, July 3rd, 1911.

THE PARLIAMENT BILL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Is a Government, by virtue of its representative power, justified in abusing the constitutional limit of its popular representation?

To answer this most important question, wherein the whole crux of the present political deadlock is contained, it becomes necessary to have a proper understanding as to what is meant by the terms "representative power" and "constitutional limit," for, apart from the pure use or meaning of these terms, all arguments must develop sophisticated forms.

Now the representative power of a Government is that power by which it is freely elected to office. The representative power of a Government can have nothing in common with the representative power which opposes it. Likewise, the constitutional

limit of a Government is that limit by which it is not freely elected to office. The constitutional limit of a Government can have nothing in common with the constitutional limit which elects it.

Thus it is a form of sophistry which must prove representatively or politically disastrous to hold that the "representative power" of a Government is a form of representation which, as far as the Commons is concerned, is free to do as it likes. There is, for instance, a form of the popular will which every Government must respect and listen to, otherwise its "representative power" is tyrannic.

Again it is a form of sophistry which must prove not merely "representatively or politically," but, in a national sense, disastrous to hold that the "constitutional limit" of a Government is a form of constitutionism which, as far as Law or Order itself is concerned, is unrestricted. There is, for instance, a form of constitutionism upon which every Government must be grounded, otherwise its constitutional limit is a myth.

The vital significance of our question, therefore, is made apparent. If a Government, by virtue of its power through which it was freely elected to office, is not justified in abusing the constitutional limit of its popular representation—that is to say, in assuming absolute control of the executive without the "entire" consent of the nation—then such an extreme act of policy as that which would virtually coerce the Monarch (by the proposed creation of 500 peers), can be neither more nor less than an act of a tyrannical Government.

What, then, becomes of our boasted freedom? The Parliament Bill aims at a revival of the very state of affairs which existed in the country before the Great Charter was instituted.

Now, what would the result have been if the Lords and Commons had made concessions, or, in other words, had compromised at Runnymede?

It is for the present so-called Liberal Government to answer this question, for if, in the interests of the whole people, they sympathise with the firm stand made against a peculiar or selfish desires of a monarch, what consistency of national or whole interests leads it to oppose the firm stand (if it may be so called) made by the Lords against the peculiar or selfish desires of a Government majority?

But, apart from such impurity in the profession of government, it is more than doubtful whether even the peculiar desires of the Government are voiced by its entire majority. As a matter of course, it is wholly irrelevant of the question under discussion to make even a suggestion as to what should or should not be Government policy. This letter is simply meant to discover a sheer masquerade of rule—Front Bench comedy. With a classical embodiment there would be, at least, an intellectual stimulus to be gained from such a form of disguise; but when it becomes magnified, by methods of Press publication, into a form of vulgar or mediocre sensationalism, under such blatant headlines as "Further mutilation by the Lords," "Insolent invasion of common rights," "Peers throw down the gauntlet," "Wrecking the Veto Bill," &c., &c., it is surely a sign that we have reached a state of affairs which, but for the rescuing power of a bold, firm, and true leadership, can only end in a national disaster. Experience should surely act as our guide. England was saved from the terrible muddle of the Long Parliament by the popular recall of an exiled monarch. In the present instance she can only be rescued from the muddle of an iniquitous coalition of Parties by a return to her old methods of rule—methods by which Party government was made subject to Party opposition. We are suffering at the present time, not from any act of subjection to Party opposition, but from the evils of Party omnipotence, that is to say, from a form of tyranny created by a coalition of Party sects.

England has never suffered, nor can it suffer, from a Party system which possesses national instead of merely individual interests. Therefore it is imperative for the salvation of the country that the present Government should meet—not merely with Party opposition—but with national opposition. Hence our present need for a national, and not merely a Party, leader. Hence, also, from this the difficult and delicate position of the reigning Sovereign becomes apparent, consequent through the very form of Ministerial tyranny.

True patriotism will be discovered by the help given to the Crown, and it is a sign for congratulation that the Lords appear, at the eleventh hour, to be conscious of the serious nature of the crisis, and of the necessity for giving the nation at large a strong lead.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

Cambridge.

. . . THE . . .

EYE-WITNESS

EDITED BY

HILAIRE BELLOC.

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